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The Living Age

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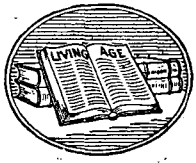

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FEBRUARY 14, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN was the Ambassador of Great Britain at Vienna during the year preceding the war. In spite of his bitter experiences during that crisis, he evidently has retained throughout the subsequent rupture of friendly relations between his government and Austria, the kindly memories that the genial old Danube metropolis, with the best cooking and the best music on the Continent, was wont to inspire in those who enjoyed its pre-war hospitality. Nor does his recent visit appear to be entirely devoid of regret for the disappearance of these ancient institutions and the dispersion of those courtly circles that have a charm even for ambassadors who may recognize their obsolescence.

Indeed, all Europe will possibly experience a sentimental reaction in favor of many of the things that war and revolution have swept away, as soon as it discovers that those things are irrecoverable. That sentiment will not stop the course of progress, but it may chasten the stern exuberance of victory and hasten the recovery of that spirit of mutual sympathy and understanding which must precede Europe's healing and which inspires the kindly article that we print below.

MARSHAL FOCH reveals the man of sentiment even when he disparages sentiment, and the transparency of the contradiction detracts nothing from a certain charm of personality which appears in the interview we print below. The men least affected by the hysteria of the war — and of victory — were those who performed the daily labor of the conflict with minds too preoccupied with their daily tasks to dwell upon the ideal aspects of the catastrophe which enclosed them. History will ponder long before passing final judgment upon the military leaders of the past five years, and success or failure brings into relief very different qualities of character. But impressions gathered from their public utterances during the past few months indicate that between the minds of Foch and of Ludendorff lies that distinction of quality by which we divide genius from talent — the intuitional from the methodical and the uninspired intellect. Ludendorff is undoubtedly a man who has been made smaller by defeat. Foch might have survived such an experience with much less loss of prestige and esteem.

EVER since the revolution the call for a scapegoat to carry the world's

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war sins into the wilderness has been as insistent in Germany as in the Supreme Council at Paris. Socialists of all schools united in demanding that the secret documents of the belligerent countries be explored and their contents made known to the people. The Bolsheviki, soon after gaining control of the national archives, published a mass of embarrassing information regarding the confidential plans of the Russian Government before the war and its dealings with other countries. Similar revelations were made at Munich and Budapest. Berlin and Vienna followed more deliberately with the Kautsky documents and the recent Austrian *Red Books*. Men formerly in high positions are publishing memoirs and printing in the newpapers, official correspondence and extracts from hitherto unknown documents.

A late example of these is the Prince Sixtus diary, now appearing in *L'Opinion*. This records the details of *sub rosa* peace negotiations between Austria, France, and England during the winter and spring of 1917, which were only partly revealed by the Clemenceau-Czernin controversy. In introducing its account of these negotiations, *L'Opinion* says: 'Only eight days ago I heard one of our great Paris editors say, with an air of profound weariness: "I tell you, the public is satiated with books about the war. Give them something else." But to-day, upon finishing the arrangement for publication of the unedited documents of this unknown history — of this page of the history of the war when it was still at its agonizing crisis — I could not resist saying to myself that our thoughts and interest in that tragedy are as much a part of us as the blood that circulates through our body.'

The propaganda literature of the war period which was the special pleading of governments for their national cause, has been followed by a new propaganda literature which is the special pleading of leaders and parties in defense of their policies and decisions during the conflict. Germany began some months ago a formal parliamentary investigation of the causes and conduct of the war. The Commission has not been presided over by Socialists, though even the radical wing of that party is represented in its membership. The sessions have afforded several dramatic scenes. A former Minister of Finance and Ambassador to Russia has been fined three hundred marks for refusing to answer questions addressed to him by a member of the Commission — an independent Socialist — who himself is charged with using Russian money to incite revolution in Berlin. Stormy scenes occurred when Bethmann-Hollweg, the first war chancellor, defended himself against hostile critics. Finally, the appearance of Hindenburg and Ludendorff as witnesses was seized upon as an occasion for a reactionary demonstration in Berlin, which became the absorbing incident of the day, and caused no little disquiet to the government. Their testimony seemed at one time likely to develop into a re-argument of the whole issue between militarism and democracy.

This inquiry lacks the features of a state trial because, though the accused are numerous, no prisoner stands before the bar. The authority and functions of the Commission are limited to procuring and publishing information. It has no power to pass sentence or impose penalties. Its proceedings tend to bring into clearer relief the fact that the German public is more interested in knowing why peace was not made in the winter of 1916-1917, when President Wilson offered to

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mediate, than in learning why the war originally occurred.

Germans attribute the fact of the war to a wrong system of government and diplomacy rather than to the fault of individuals. But they believe individual political and military leaders were culpable for prolonging the war after a reasonable peace might have been obtained.

FIUME is only one of the possible *foci* of new disturbances in Europe. But it has been brought into exceptional relief because it is almost the sole instance where the American Government has taken a definite stand with regard to the allotment of disputed territories, and because the dramatic episode staged there by D'Annunzio captured public attention. Italy, or at least the cooler-headed element of the nation, seems to have tired of the latter adventure. Enthusiasm for D'Annunzio is obviously on the wane. People now see the conflict between Italy's national interests and the poet's claims. The latter has lost sympathy very rapidly since refusing to recognize the results of a popular vote — or alleged popular vote — in Fiume, which was overwhelmingly in favor of accepting an Italian proposal to make that town a free city and a free port under conditions that would protect Italy's national interests.

We are now told that this popular vote was far from being a true picture of public sentiment. Of thirty-three thousand entitled to cast their ballots, only eleven thousand were permitted to do so. Naturally, it was the Slavs who were excluded from the polls.

Several leading residents of Fiume, of Italian birth or descent, have fled the city and are bitterly attacking D'Annunzio for his alleged lawless rule.

So, there seem to be four parties to the Fiume dispute — D'Annunzio and his still loyal supporters, who possibly would like to establish there a mediæval *condottieri* principality; the Italian Government, which wishes to make Fiume technically a free city and a free port, practically controlled by Italians; a local autonomy party, including prominent Italian residents, which desires real independence; and the Jugo-Slavs, who insist that the original decision to allot the city to their country be carried out.

A RECENT Italian description of Spain as poised between a rule of anarchists and of Janizaries, appears to be more accurate than most epigrammatic characterizations. Since the review of conditions in that country, which we publish elsewhere, was written, things have continued to go from bad to worse. The de Toca cabinet has been overthrown, partly as a result of army intrigues, and a Conservative ministry has been formed. Since June, 1917, the Officers' Union has exercised a powerful influence upon political events in Spain. Army politics are reported to have undermined military discipline. A story is current that the fall of the de Toca cabinet was hastened by a scandal resulting from charges for breaches of discipline brought against a majority of the officers of a certain regiment. The offenders are said to have been so numerous and powerful that they were able to defy the decisions of a court-martial organized by the minority group. Almost simultaneously with the recent cabinet overthrow, new general strikes and labor disturbances, accompanied by undisguised anarchist and Bolshevist propaganda, occurred at several places.

ONLY rarely do we encounter such outspoken sentiment in favor of Ger-

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many in the press of that country's former enemies, as appears occasionally in the newspapers of Italy. This sentiment is especially strong among a certain group of Socialists and in one wing of the clerical party. It also has geographical gradations. People living near a European frontier are apt to be hostile or suspicious of the nation immediately across the border. There are indications that the Piedmontese had less sympathy for France during the war than the people of Lombardy and Tuscany and the provinces farther south; and the Venetian territories, have always been a focus of intense hatred for Austria.

WALTER RATHENAU'S brief description of industrial conditions in Germany formed part of his recent annual report as president of the German General Electric Company. His eminence as an industrial leader and as a writer who has propounded novel and thought-inspiring theories of future industrial organization, and the profound familiarity with economic conditions in his country, which he acquired as organizer and chairman of the Raw Materials Board, give exceptional weight to what he has to say upon this subject.

Rathenau is the first economic writer of Germany to have made an impression upon French thought in this field since the war. A book of considerable pretension and merit, dealing with his theories, has recently appeared in Paris.

While Rathenau is alarmed at the prospect of a setback in Germany's scientific progress, the academic world of that country is congratulating itself upon the fact that it has just supplied three Nobel prize winners. The prizes for Physics for 1918 and 1919 go to Max Planck and Johannes Stark. The first is a distinguished theoretical physicist of Berlin University, whose investigations of radiodynamics have commanded world-wide attention. The second is an experimental physicist of Greifswald. No chemistry prize was granted for 1919, but the prize for 1918 went to Fritz Harber, a well-known research chemist whose name has recently been associated with advances in the fixation of nitrogen.

POLITICAL interests and economic conditions in the Scandinavian countries have been profoundly modified by the events of the past four years. In some respects, the influence of the Great War was to draw their governments closer together, although popular sympathy was inclined more strongly toward the Entente in Norway and Denmark than in Sweden, where the upper classes, at least, were favorable to Germany. More recently the creation of a circle of new states around the Baltic has changed their political outlook. Sweden and Denmark have intimate social, commercial, and cultural ties with Finland and Esthonia, and to a less extent, with Courland and Lettland. Their national prestige has risen in those new governments in proportion as that of Russia and Germany declined. At the same time, conflicts of interest have arisen between Sweden and Finland. Denmark faces the delicate problem of adjusting her boundaries with Germany in such a way as to remove old causes of discord without creating new ones. All the Scandinavian countries hope to profit by the removal of German maritime competition. Naturally, the Germans will be distrustful of Denmark until the boundary question is settled. The present Berlin Government watches with sympathy the growth of the Socialist and Liberal movement in

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its three northern neighbors. At the same time, there exists especially in the old Hausa towns, an undercurrent of uneasiness over the growing economic strength of these northern neighbors, which threatens to make Scandinavia a far more powerful industrial and commercial competitor than before the war.

ALL is quiet along the Danube for the moment. Liberal and Socialist Europe is protesting against the alleged 'white terror' at Budapest, which promises to win for the Communists of Hungary the sympathy which they completely alienated during their period of power. We publish a criticism of the Communist régime in that country by the leading Socialist paper of the former Austro-Hungarian empire, as a representative document of political opinion.

Farther down the Danube, Belgrade has become the stage for a very different scene in the shifting drama of the post bellum period. Half wrecked by sieges and battles, that city has become the capital of a kingdom including people of most varied race, culture, and civilization. Two alphabets, four religions, and three political traditions must be harmonized by the new government. Some of its recently acquired territories escaped the ravages of war and enjoyed exceptional prosperity during its continuance. Other territories suffered the ravages of predatory incursions, obstinate defense, and ultimate invasion and occupation. How are the financial burdens of the government to be distributed among these territories? Boundary controversies and a new international policy also present difficult and delicate problems. In a word, tasks of both construction and reconstruction demand the simultaneous attention of Serbia's statesmen.

Bulgaria seems still to be in the torpor of defeat and despair. The European press reports little from that country, except occasional rumors of peasant unrest.

Roumania, like Serbia, emerges from the war, with so much new territory that its original provinces are practically submerged by these accessions. Representatives to parliament, from what were but recently alien jurisdictions, outnumber the delegation from the former kingdom. Old party lines have been obliterated. A new division is arising between the Nationalists, who represent the chauvinist imperialism that has followed military success in several of the recently victorious governments, and the Peasants party of radical land reformers, who have won eighty-six seats in the new parliament and will have the silent support of the Liberal and Socialist electorate, which did not participate in the last elections.

Cutting across these divisions is a temporary cleavage between the newcomers and the Old Guard, in which the newcomers seem to have the mastery. Cabinet changes have followed each other in quick succession. Like Serbia, Roumania profits from the fact that the new populations which it receives from Austria-Hungary are better educated and occupy a higher cultural level than the people of its original territory. On the other hand, the former Russian province of Bessarabia has been swept by Bolshevist propaganda and many of its delegates will ally themselves with the radical agrarians of the old kingdom. The land question in Roumania presents the same critical aspects that the labor question and Socialism exhibit in the industrial countries of Western Europe. Old Roumania consisted of large estates, tilled by what was but recently a semi-servile peasantry.

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Conditions in Bessarabia are similar. Legislation was drafted last spring to provide for the subdivision and compulsory sale of these large estates. But the spirit of restlessness and revolt in the peasantry has been stimulated rather than stilled by the concessions so far made. The radical element has found a popular leader in General Averescu, the former commander of the Roumanian army. The recent election resulted in heavy losses for the old Liberal party which enjoyed the prestige of having embraced the side of the Entente during the war, but has forfeited the support of the people by its dissensions and inefficiency during the period of the armistice.

RUMORS of prospective commercial agreements among the states of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy are beginning to reach us in dispatches from abroad. This topic has occupied the Austrian papers for a considerable period. *Die Neue Freie Presse*, the principal organ of the industrial and financial leaders of the old monarchy, which has always been liberal in its sympathies, has urged from the time of the armistice maintaining the old commercial relations of the former Austro-Hungarian states. Now the Czech Minister of Trade has adopted the same attitude. In a recent public pronouncement he said that, in spite of all efforts to extend their export trade to the West, the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy remained the principal taker of Czecho-Slovakia's products and manufactures. In his opinion the Czech Government should renounce a policy of high tariffs and regulate its foreign commerce on an approximately free-trade basis. Austria is also reported to be considering overtures to Hungary, looking in the same direction. This might result in an economic Danube federation, such as has been frowned upon by the Entente authorities at Paris when proposed as a political measure. Austria is not anxious for closer political connections with Hungary, but it does desire closer commercial relations, and would like, probably, an eventual *Zollverein* embracing all the new states formed from the territories of the old monarchy.

AT the end of the year Professor Hans Delbrück retired from the editorship of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, which he had held for thirty-six years. During the first of this period, from 1883-89, he was associated in this position with Heinrich von Trietschke, the brilliant historian of unhappy memory, whose intellectual leadership did so much to carry German public opinion and political theory astray. Delbrück represents a different school of historical thought, and during the war, while a consistent defender of the general policies of the government, was inclined toward liberal constitutional reforms and a conciliatory peace policy.

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[*The Times, January 4, 1920*]

END OF AN EMPIRE

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN, G.C.M.G.
(Lately British Ambassador to the Court of Vienna)

HAVING spent the month of October in Vienna, I am tempted to jot down a few impressions of my visit to that unhappy, but ever-delightful, capital. I had last seen it in the days of terrible suspense and anxiety which followed upon the outbreak of our war with Germany on August 4, 1914, and preceded the departure of the British Embassy on August 14. The last thing in the world that was in the thoughts of the Viennese when, as the result of Count Berchtold's provocative note to Serbia of July 23, they hailed with delight the prospect of a final settlement with that troublesome neighbor, was a war with England. But the Austro-Hungarian declaration of war on Serbia (July 28) was followed in rapid succession by the mobilization of the Austrian and Russian armies, the mobilization of the German army, and the German ultimatums, which produced a state of war throughout the greater part of Europe, and later of the world.

Sir Edward Grey's desperate efforts to preserve the peace, as he had succeeded in doing the year before, by means of a conference, were scornfully rejected, and the great war had to come. The monarchy blindly imagined that it could march into Serbia and reduce it to impotence and subjection without drawing Russia into the field. Something like this had happened in 1908 over Bosnia and Herzegovina. But now the provocation was altogether too great. Russia took up the gauntlet, and Europe fell into two hostile camps.

The course of events in Vienna in July and early August, 1914, is plainly set forth in the deeply interesting *Red Book*, Part I of which was published by the Republican Government of Austria. It is now clear that the advisers of the Emperor Francis Joseph made up their minds quite early in July that only by a successful war with Serbia could the position of Austria-Hungary as a Great Power be maintained.

Count Tisza alone, the Hungarian Prime Minister, stood out against this fateful resolution. The note to Serbia was purposely drawn up in terms impossible of acceptance. Germany stood behind, and she was, unfortunately, represented at Vienna by a statesman imbued with the conviction that only by war could Germany be made secure. She was threatened, as he believed, by Pan-Slavism from the East and by anarchy from the West. Count Tschirsky was the channel through which the German communications reached the Austrian Government.

During the months that preceded the Serbian crisis of 1914, Vienna had been in anything but a warlike mood. The army of the monarchy had been recently mobilized to compel the withdrawal of Serbia from the Adriatic coast, which she had reached in the course of the first Balkan war. It had been a costly effort, and there was no wish to renew it. Serious financial

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straits had ensued. The people hoped for a long period of rest and recovery. There seemed to be little apprehension of complications arising which would prove insurmountable. Albania certainly had been a very doubtful experiment.

The question of the Ægean Islands was affording much food for thought. The Treaty of Bucharest of 1913 had been a serious rebuff for the Central Powers. But still greater difficulties than these had been overcome in the London conferences. New problems, it was hoped, would prove capable of solution in a similar way. So Vienna gave herself over to rest, and to the enjoyment of a happier outlook than it had experienced for some years. There was an air of relative prosperity and abundance. The city wore a cheerful look. Court and society were having a good time. The krone was a highly respectable coin, worth about a franc, or twenty-four to the pound sterling.

Then came war and the great catastrophe. The empire broke in pieces. The revolution consequent on defeat has taken quite a different course in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy from that which it took in Germany. In Germany it was a political and social upheaval, largely anti-dynastic, but not inconsistent with the preservation of the national unity. In the monarchy it was predominantly nationalist in character; much more so certainly than anti-dynastic, though the Emperor Charles, like the Kaiser, has sought refuge in a foreign country. Under the stress of war, and not as the result of conditions imposed by the victor, the several nationalities out of which the Empire was formed asserted their independence or joined forces with their fellow countrymen beyond the frontiers. The various pronouncements of the Allies, which gave so much encouragement to the Czecho-Slovaks and Southern Slavs, might have admitted of a settlement involving nothing more than an ample measure of autonomy for all the subject nationalities. But the latter demanded more than autonomy. By their own act they severed their connection with Vienna and Budapest; Hungary cut herself loose from Austria; Austria herself followed suit and declared herself a separate entity.

The war, indeed, had found the empire in a state verging on dissolution. A wiser policy might have postponed the inevitable, perhaps, for many years. Separation of the nationalities, or their semi-separation, by consent might have taken the place of the forcible disruption we have witnessed, and humanity might thus have been spared its most terrible ordeal. But the composite body could not withstand the shock of war, and the authors of the war should have realized its inevitable consequences. We, the Allies, have been wrongly accused of breaking up the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It broke up of itself from inherent weakness.

Surely the Paris Conference would have had a much easier problem to deal with if, in some form or other, a principle of unity throughout the states of the fallen monarchy had been maintained. A loose federation would have enabled at least a customs league to be imposed. As matters have turned out, each state is a law unto itself. The first thing that occurred to the new states on asserting their independence was to set up a customs barrier against their neighbors and former associates of a character much more rigorous and exclusive than that of the former Imperial Customs. The free interchange of commodities between the various parts of the country has thus come to an end, and an economic situation

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exists from which there appears to be no present issue.

Austria has been the principal sufferer. Cut off from the sea, forbidden to unite with Germany, she has shrunk to an area about equal to that of Switzerland, with a population of under seven millions, of whom two and one half millions live in Vienna and suburbs. The country is mainly mountainous; the small agricultural area can scarcely support itself and is entirely unwilling to help in any material way to support the capital; industries are few, and these mostly brought to a standstill by the lack of fuel; the krone is down almost to vanishing point in value. In October I found that the exchange fluctuated about the neighborhood of four hundred to the pound. I am told it is now below six hundred. Thus for purposes of exchange the currency has sunk from sixteen to twenty-five times below its normal level.

Prices have, of course, followed with a corresponding rise, but to nothing like the same extent. They have risen from six to ten times what they were. Thus the English visitor with a few pounds to draw upon is comparatively rich. He cannot go into a shop and buy a loaf of bread or a tin of condensed milk, for these commodities are not for sale. But he can get an excellent meal by paying the price asked by the best hotels and restaurants. These establishments are largely supplied by the illicit system called the *schleichhandel* — that is, traffic in foodstuffs purchased from the farmers at prices greatly in excess of the maximum price sought to be imposed by the government, and smuggled through the city *octroi* for sale to those who can pay the price. In the hotels an average luncheon costs from fifty to one hundred kronen — or, say, up to four pounds at the pre-war exchange. To the English visitor this means less than five shillings as matters stand at present.

But the mass of the unhappy native population is quite unable to meet these prices. Starvation and despair prevail over entire classes of the population. From all I heard and saw in Vienna I fully believe that the accounts we are now reading of the desperate conditions in that city, and, indeed, throughout the greater part of the former monarchy, are not a whit exaggerated. In Austria it soon became apparent that, far from extorting indemnities, the problem is how to find means to preserve the country from starvation and anarchy.

The problem transcends the scope of private and public charity. Doles, however generous, are only palliatives. They will not set the factories to work or restore commercial exchanges. To this end far-reaching international action is needed in the direction, possibly, of credits for Austria and other countries in the same position, enabling them to purchase the sorely needed foodstuffs and raw materials; and of an international bank invested with a lucrative note-issuing monopoly, designed to provide a currency on a gold basis with which trading can be resumed.

Truly the need is urgent. Will it be said that Vienna is only suffering the retribution which she brought upon herself by her folly in 1914? Englishmen who have been lately in Vienna are not likely to take such a view. I believe they have all been struck, as I was, with the markedly friendly demeanor of the Viennese, and with the anxiety which they display to show that they never regarded England as their enemy, and wish for nothing more than to resume with her the happy relation of confidence and mutual liking which formerly existed.

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[*L'Echo de Paris, January 1, 1920*]

MARSHAL FOCH COMMENTS ON THE WAR: AN INTERVIEW WITH ANDRÉ DE MARICOURT

I HAVE dreamed of *la revanche* since I saw the Germans at Metz when I was seventeen years old. Now, you can understand that when a man of ordinary capacity concentrates all his thoughts and all his study upon a single object and labors unceasingly to accomplish it, he stands a chance of success. Certain conditions are, of course, essential. In order to be a force in the world a man must be 'objective,' never 'subjective.' I mean by that that a man of action must never waste time in dreams. Only facts count. We must stick to facts.

How did I really win this war? Smoking my pipe! I mean that I did not get excited. I plodded along in an ordinary way, avoiding useless emotions and reserving all my energies for the practical business before me.

Was this a difficult task? Quite possibly. You see, our war was a very curious one: it was a battle between governments. Speaking of our own people, French democracy, and, above all, French patriotism found themselves confronted by the Kaiser, who was possibly an intelligent man, but not *remarkably* intelligent. He was an actor, wrapped up in himself, and, therefore, not a competent judge of his own actions. Germany, to be sure, had a magnificent army and professional soldiers of the first rank, but it did not have a Moltke. A man of Moltke's genius would never have been imprudent enough to start a war without the assurance of Russia's neutrality, or, if a war had been forced upon him against his will, I promise you that he would have fought it along very different lines. Yes, the Kaiser was directing a formidable organization, managed by excellent directors. But just the same, it was an express train entrusted to a bus-driver. We were bound to win.

People often ask me if I foresaw a long war. I do not know. That was not my affair. The future is n't our business, and it is a loss of time and energy to occupy ourselves with uncertain predictions at the expense of the business of the moment. I have always wanted to finish my job in a workmanlike manner whenever it might be. Look out for to-day, and to-morrow will take care of itself, providing we handle large affairs with the same care and conscience that we devote to small affairs. Too much speculation as to the result of an action which we believe is necessary weakens one's force and effectiveness. A person must not let his imagination run away with him.

Two emotions are appropriate and proper, because they are useful and serve a practical purpose. You must conceive what would happen both in case of defeat and in case of victory.

Do you appreciate what defeat would mean? The sacrifices we had made were bloody and cruel. The more cruel they were, the more they made it our duty to win. Such sacrifices must not be in vain. I used to say to myself: 'If we do not win, that is the end of everything. We cannot permit ourselves to be defeated.'

Now, the idea of victory. We must have it at any price. 'I will it.' Yes, I will it. That is easy to say. But to

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win a victory you must comprehend that human warfare never varies in its essential factors, though it may change its methods and machinery. We must remember that the greatest master of the military art, Napoleon, before he was victor at Arcola had said to himself: 'I must get out of Verona,' and that he had been defeated several times.

At the Marne I never let myself forget that lesson. I had been beaten, and I said to myself: 'I shall be beaten four days, or five days, if necessary; but I shall survive it.'

Above all things one must keep a firm will, based upon confidence. But, if you want my honest conviction, those things are nothing but words, and that *will* is useless if it does not know how to employ *facts*. Now — bear in mind I am not speaking of myself personally — it is that faculty of sticking to facts that measures the intellectual abilities of a leader.

It is a hard thing, a very hard thing, for men to be beaten four days, and five days, and even longer. If you are to retain full confidence and obedience you must find some new device, some new appeal to your troops. The song you sang yesterday is no longer popular to-day. They won't 'bite' at that. They say: 'No, we listened to your old song and we have been beaten. We 'll not follow it again.' But you must keep going ahead or everything is lost. Consequently, you have to devise new plans and ideas without being diverted for a moment from the essential facts of the situation. You 've got to continue the same action, and, above all, go straight for the same ultimate objective. But you must clothe your proceedings in new garments and make them seem an entirely different operation. That is the only way you can get men to follow you. Then they will not say, 'We've had a bad fall and are tired of the business.' So you must always contrive some other immediate objective, some intellectual device that brings you identical results. You have not deviated in the slightest from your purpose, but you have created the appearance of having changed your plan. The object of the manœuvre is the same, but it does not appear to be so. The French soldier, in spite of his critical instincts, loves variety and will catch at anything that seems new. He will follow you with his habitual courage and patriotic devotion. 'Sure,' he says, 'we 've not tried that yet.'

But the enemy is strong and will not yield unless our tenacity and purpose exceed his own. Consequently, we must devise new plans and projects to keep up courage every day. Do you understand me? The idea, 'I will,' is n't enough. You have got to present that idea under innumerable successive aspects.

In spite of that, the moment finally arrives when, to all appearances, the situation is hopeless, when our resources fail us. The old coat is so ragged that it will not longer hold together. You have but one thought in the world: 'At any cost we have got to make it do.' We have got to patch up our fragments of artillery, infantry, and cavalry. We have got to mend the old coat somehow. The determination that inspires you must be stronger than ever. You may emphasize what I said before, that the greater our losses, the more imperative the duty of winning the war. With inadequate forces you try to mend the holes in the old coat, you patch the rags together. All your thought is centred upon the single object that has inspired you all along.

No, war has not changed since the human race existed. But do you realize that it really does demand a

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great deal of skill? It is the same kind of a combat that it always has been in the past. Two antagonistic wills face each other, but in our instance two wills that have obstinately maintained their determination for four years. It is thrust, parry, thrust, parry. You see, there is no use philosophizing about it. You will get ahead quicker if you concentrate your whole energy upon doing things. War demands an adaptable mind, always alert and always inspired by a firm purpose. Then some day, no matter how ragged your coat may be, perhaps because of its very raggedness — victory arrives.

Now, do not talk to me about 'glory' and 'beauty' and 'passion' and 'enthusiasm.' They are useless, they mean a waste of energy. The war is finished, and that is a solid benefit, but the epithets and phrases about it are worth nothing. The only reality is the actual fact, because only positive action is worth anything, as I have told you.

What incident gives me the most satisfaction? The interview with the German armistice commissioners at Rethondes. That was something positive. That was a real action, directed toward breaking up the German Empire. And I was present, to see Erzberger seize his pen with a gesture of anger and sign the armistice agreement. Then I tasted full satisfaction for having willed our victory and employed the means to win it: For the job was done.

And now, just one more word. I do not call it a miracle when at a historical crisis a man is granted a clear vision and discovers later that this clear vision has determined actions of enormous consequence in a frightful war. But I do believe in this clear vision. I think that I received it at the Marne, at the Yser, and on the 26th of March. I believe it comes from a providential source in the hands of which we are but instruments, and that the decision of victory is determined from on high, by a will superior and divine.

PHANTOM VOICES

Blow, northern wind! fall, snow!
Yet now, O loved and dear,
See, in this waste of burthened cloud,
How spring is near!

See in these laboring boughs
Buds stir in a dark sleep;
How in the frost-becrumbled clods
The green fires creep!

The slumbering earth hath heard
Beneath the whispering flakes,
A faint shrill childlike voice — a call:
Sighs ere she wakes.

Alas, what spring is ours?
Though this be winter's end;
Only far-memoried snowdrops bloom
For us, my friend.

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[*Berliner Tageblatt, November 18, 1919*]

HINDENBURG AND LUDENDORFF TESTIFY

HINDENBURG is awaited. Upon the little desk provided for witnesses, where such lively scenes were recently enacted when Helfferich defied his questioners, there lies to-day, instead of the usual stationery, a wreath of chrysanthemums tied with ribbons of the old royal colors. The investigating committee have winked at this offering of the German Nationalists, because it gives them less trouble than noisy demonstrations in the street. In order to prevent a recurrence and extension of the rough disorders of the previous day, the grounds for some distance around the building are heavily patrolled. Only those possessing admittance tickets are permitted to witness the proceedings.

Contrary to what has happened previoûsly, the session hall is crowded to its limits long before the opening hour. Many people prominent in the social and artistic life of Berlin are in the audience. Among the better known statesmen are Schiedemann and Riesser, who are usually in attendance, and the chairman of the General Committee, Petersen. The temper of the meeting is serious.

Exactly on the stroke of ten o'clock Hindenburg and Ludendorff and the adjutants detailed to accompany them arrive at the entrance. They are greeted first by Dr. Warmuth, a member of Parliament and an intimate friend of both. The crowd at the gates gives them a respectful ovation. The secretary of the Committee of Inquiry, Dr. Hertz, escorts the Field Marshal to his place.

Standing by Hindenburg's side, Ludendorff, though a man of more than moderate stature, seems slender and diminutive. His head would make a good subject for a sculptor, with its high brow, its strong chin, and its straight, clean-cut nose. Possibly it is his civilian clothing that does it, but however we may distrust our impression as due to certain preconceptions, we cannot avoid being struck by the thought that this man combines the statesman with the soldier.

When Hindenburg enters, everyone present rises in silence. There is no greeting, no applause, thank God! An enthusiastic ovation would have been out of accord with the occasion. Gothein advances toward Hindenburg as far as the witness table, and greets him. Hindenburg then turns to the former Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, and warmly shakes his hand. Then he remains standing by the table, listening to the short formal welcome which Gothein addresses him from the president's chair.

Thereupon Hindenburg speaks. His first words are to announce that he reports for duty. He has been summoned and he has come. He then thanks the committee for providing that his journey might be comfortable. In reply to Gothein's question whether the Field Marshal will now take the oath as a witness, Hindenburg requests permission first to read a formal statement. His voice is distinct, soldierly, and undramatic. He reads his statement defending Ludendorff and — here the clever hand of Ludendorff appears — making the same reservation that Helfferich made. The name of Oscar Cohen is not mentioned, but there is, nevertheless, a reservation.

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One more sentence stands out in his statement: 'The health of the German nation cannot be restored except by truth.'

The people who made such a violent demonstration around Hindenburg the other day in order to prevent his having an opportunity to tell the truth, should take these words to heart.

Thereupon, Hindenburg in his old Prussian way, two fingers raised aloft, takes the oath. Ludendorff follows him. Then the old Marshal sits at the little witness table, which is far too small for his gigantic figure, and reads his reply to the questions that have been transmitted to him. We naturally expected that he would take up the cudgels for his army and his comrades, and that his testimony would indirectly favor the old kingdom and the old army. This special pleading was courteously interrupted by the president. The first time that the president's bell sounded, Hindenburg hesitated. He was not expecting an interruption. But when Gothein in a very tactful and courteous way indicated why he had called the witness to order, he bowed with obvious comprehension. The second, third, and fourth interruptions of the president, therefore, did not surprise him. The chairman, with a few words of caution, quickly silenced a slight protest from the hearers. Ludendorff's first remarks were similarly interrupted. 'Will the gentlemen in the galleries kindly keep quiet?' No, the Pan-Germans will not. It is not Hindenburg nor Ludendorff, but Professor Schäfer, who is present in an expert capacity, who causes a serious interruption. He protests against the rulings of the presiding officer, which, to be perfectly truthful, have been more than tactful. Gothein's few words of justification are followed by a still sharper protest. Thereupon, Gothein interrupts the sitting, and calls upon the Committee of Inquiry to decide whether this interference can be tolerated.

During this recess, lively debates arise among the auditors. Hindenburg and Ludendorff, entrusted with supreme military power, have begun to criticize most vigorously the political leadership of the old government. They charge it with having been weak and irresolute. One would almost fancy that it was not the army but the ministry that lost the war. Bethmann-Hollweg is deeply angry, as one can easily observe. It looks as though he would reply to these charges, which are certainly not justified in this instance. With all due respect to Hindenburg, the case was not as he presented it.

The situation was by no means as simple as it was made to appear in this soldier's catechism. Hindenburg's reasoning was that the political leadership was weak, the social democracy was a disaster, and that the army itself was consequently powerless. Result, Germany is a thing of the past. This naïve interpretation of history will be discussed later. Gothein was quite right in refusing to accept it as evidence.

The recess continued some time. Hindenburg, after putting on a great pair of glasses and fumbling in his papers a few minutes, rose and stood by the side of Ludendorff conversing with the president of the National Assembly, Dietrich, and with General Barcenwuffer. After fifteen minutes pause the committee reappears. With but one dissenting voice they disapprove of Professor Schäfer's interruption. He attempts to protest again, but remains unheeded.

For already Hindenburg has asked permission to make a brief explanation. He has been informed that the statement he had just read was interpreted as an attack upon the old ad-

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ministration. He did not intend that. He was quite well aware how conscientiously the men in power had worked, and the great obstacles they had found in their way. He felt called upon by his sense of honor to emphasize this.

Now Ludendorff speaks. He sits down at Hindenburg's right hand at the witness table, with a voluminous manuscript before him, and reads his statement. His great horn spectacles do not harmonize with his countenance. Still less do they harmonize with his words. He begins with a hymn of praise for the highest Lord of War, whom he does not conceive to be the Almighty in heaven, but William the Second. From his purely military standpoint, even our statecraft was not at fault. England, he thinks, was the moving force behind the war. In order to weaken England, the army had to insist upon the submarine campaign as soon as it was clear that victory could not be won on land because of the superiority of our opponents in munitions and soldiers. But the morale of the German army was unbroken.

In spite of this presentation of events, which certainly constituted a mere expression of personal opinions in several instances, Ludendorff was not interrupted by the chairman until he began to argue in defense of the military press bureau and the censorship. 'That is something to be considered later.' But Ludendorff will not listen. He insists on showing that the army staff was always in full accord with the former government, and he considers it imperative to prove the fact beyond question. He even thinks it necessary to emphasize his words by pounding the table. However, he is almost immediately interrupted again when he sails into the attitude of the majority parties. Ludendorff seems bewildered. 'Mere matters of opinion!' 'I beg pardon. What do you mean by "mere matters of opinion"?' The question seems rather challenging, but after Gothein's calm explanation the General yields.

So we come to the end of the first group of questions, intended to show from what date the higher army command considered the submarine campaign an immediate necessity.

Ludendorff was just addressing himself to the second group of questions, when Gothein begged him to wait a moment until the question could be repeated to those present. It was: 'Was the higher army command informed of the arguments against the submarine campaign? Why did it decide that these objections must be overruled?' Before Ludendorff begins his reply, Professor Schücking read an exceedingly able report from Minister von Haniel, who was then in America, to Ambassador von Troitler. One sentence from this report suffices: 'England thinks that the advantage of America's aid will more than compensate the Allies for any dangers they will incur through an unrestricted submarine campaign.' In spite of this report, supported as it was by convincing corroborative evidence and by other reports of a similar character, the higher army command considered the submarine campaign a necessity.

Ludendorff has laid his spectacles on the table. He strokes his moustache rapidly. Is he nervous or angry? Hindenburg is neither nervous nor angry. He sits calmly without moving, leaning back against one arm of the chair, and listens attentively. The newspaper artists profit by his happy pose.

Questions three, four, and five relate to the assumption that President Wilson's appeal for peace was suggested by Great Britain, and to ascertaining

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whether the progress of these overtures, and in particular whether Bernstorff's telegrams, were known to the higher army command. Finally—'Did the higher army command believe that England could be forced to make peace through a submarine campaign?' The last question, which tended to establish a difference of opinion between Bethmann-Hollweg and Ludendorff, was omitted after a short statement by the former Chancellor.

Ludendorff resumes. We hear the word Verdun. Gloomy memories of the war again rise before our vision.

Several new documents are read, intended to fix responsibility upon the old administration. They include the report of an interview with Hindenburg in which the General admitted that he knew very little of the progress of the Wilson overtures, and in particular, that he had never heard of the most important of them. Bethmann-Hollweg waits until he is questioned by the chairman before replying. He then replies, this time not very convincingly, that he had said all that was necessary regarding that in his letter to Prince Max of Baden, and that apparent inconsistencies were explained by the distinction between 'peace overtures' and 'peace negotiations.' These fine distinctions, unhappily, seem arbitrary and trifling when used in connection with the fearful tragedy of our defeat.

Schücking read the letter from the Chancellor to Prince Max of Baden, written in October, 1918. It contained a very exhaustive explanation of Bethmann's policy, and stated that the higher army command had desired a change of Chancellors as early as 1917, and had started an agitation for that purpose, because Bethmann-Hollweg was thought desirous of making peace. Newspaper articles, attacks and defenses, from that exciting period, were again brought to light. The session had already lasted three hours when Bethmann-Hollweg used a single expression which embraced all the ill-omen of the war for Germany. He spoke of the 'fatuous over-confidence that possessed us all.'

What was the need of more discussion? He had told the whole story.

But we now await Ludendorff's answer.

Ludendorff replies that the article by Professor von Schulze-Gavernitz to which both Hindenburg's statement and the letter of Bethmann-Hollweg referred, was in his opinion, 'an infamous lie.' Gothein calls him to order sharply but Lundendorff keeps on: 'I want to say here in public that the higher army command has always conducted itself in a spirit of the most absolute loyalty to the imperial cabinet. That must be stated here in order to nail the lies that are constantly being circulated for the purpose of making us appear guilty for all our misfortunes.'

In short, abrupt, vigorous sentences he reads the instructions and reports that support his view. But he does not prove his case.

No one has doubted his good intentions and his zealous efforts. But is all the criticism of Ludendorff's influence upon our public policy 'an infamous lie'? The General refuted himself immediately afterwards when referring to the differences of opinion between himself and Count Bernstorff. That was a conflict between two contradictory schools of thought. It was a conflict between peace and war.

Ludendorff demanded with passionate agitation that the charges that had been made against him before the Committee of Inquiry, and especially those presented by Count Bernstorff, should be submitted to the judgment of the whole German nation.

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[*Corriere della Sera, December 24, 1919*]

D'ANNUNZIO FALLS FROM GRACE

THE history of the Fiume incident makes sad reading, although, out of sympathy with the authors and regard for the wishes of the government, we have touched but lightly many facts in our accounts of that episode. We wish to pass over rapidly the days and the hours of the unhappy story and to summarize as briefly as possible the tale of the tragic chronicle without lingering upon scenes and words from which the eye and the mind instinctively recoil. A beacon fire that promised to lighten the land has sunk into a heap of smoky ashes; a will that strove to scale the empyrean, promises to exhaust itself now in a labyrinth of self-contradiction and puerile caprice. It is painful to lose land and sea, fortune and power; it is humiliating and distressing to pass from riches to poverty; but no other tragedy compares with that of the fall of a great spirit from the realm of high enterprise and lofty aspiration to the depths of petty intrigue and dubious expedients. D'Annunzio betook himself to Fiume in the name of Italy and of Fiume. He is remaining there defiantly, against the will of Fiume and of Italy, supported only by the loyalty of a few pretorians, obstinately insisting upon impossibilities that every passing day makes more absurd. The verdict of history upon himself and his enterprise still wavers in the balance. The situation might even now be saved if the poet leader could resolve upon a supreme and austere effort of self-renunciation. Anguish and hope mingle in the painful sympathy with which we view the crisis.

We do not join those who repudiate and disparage their former hero. The intellect and genius and the glory of this man rest secure. That knightly gallantry with which, when past fifty, he rivaled, in a war where few emerged from the obscurity of the millions, the most brilliant deeds of our youthful heroes, will cast eternal glamour over his name. His expedition to Fiume violated military discipline and civil obligations, but a man of his temperament could not appreciate his error. Ideas of the supremacy of law and governments, and of the subordination of the individual to society as a whole, are foreign to such a mind, peopled as it is with the heroes of legend and incapable of that just appreciation of concrete facts which would have hampered its own creative faculty. The people of Italy appreciate those qualities of temperament well enough to understand the innocence of his intentions. Inasmuch as his venture was inspired by the highest ideal — his patriotic devotion to Italy and to Fiume — our people trusted that time and good fortune and that intuitive wisdom which sometimes inspires poets, might in some unforeseen way, prevent the evils that properly follow defiance of public authority. Indeed, even the government, expressing this sentiment of the people, showed the greatest magnanimity toward a citizen who, though technically a rebel, was at heart loyal to his country. It negotiated with him as though he were an independent ruler and offered him every reasonable concession and guaranty in order to render easy his return to the path of duty.

We have previously discussed this episode in our columns, urging sobriety of judgment and wisdom of action. This counsel is too often taken in ill part by the gentlemen beyond the armistice boundary. We have not been the only ones to urge them to submit to the orders of the government with the dignity of citizens and the obedi-

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ence of soldiers. Without such submission, citizens become a mob and soldiers become bandits. However, little by little, anxiety and distrust have seized on all. D'Annunzio and his followers turned a deaf ear to the admonitions of their fellow citizens and lost their support. From that time on, the outcome was as tragic as it was easy to foresee. Two interpretations might be placed upon D'Annunzio's enterprise. Either the seizure of Fiume was an impulsive adventure, in which case the occupation of the city should have been brief, and he should have withdrawn last September, when everyone in Italy and Fiume was applauding his deed, and when even other nations admired its unexpected audacity. Or, on the other hand, his action was a premeditated political move, and in this case it must show solid grounds for its justification. A mere fantastic adventure cannot maintain itself before the world for three months and more.

Unhappily, D'Annunzio's enterprise speedily revealed the last of these qualities. His own temperament, inspired by imagination rather than cool calculation, betrayed itself in every word and act. A sort of Fiume mythology grew up. Fiume, a sacred city, was destined of its own impulse to redeem the world. The entire universe was groaning under an alleged Anglo-Saxon tyranny. Quarnaro was to carry liberty to the remotest ends of the earth — to the Egyptians, the Irish, the Negroes — to everyone except, strange to say, the neighboring Slavic people. The quarrel of the Commander of Fiume with the head of the Italian Government degenerated into a common display of Billingsgate unworthy of a cause that professed such high ideals. D'Annunzio developed into an opponent of Lloyd George and Wilson and the Peace Conference. He personified Poetry fighting History, Illusion face to face with Fact. What material resources did he have with which to win? We heard rumors of landings in Italy and in Dalmatia, of revolutions, daring assaults, Croat insurrections; and of the creation of new republics, dictatorships, and presidencies throughout the territory of Fiume and Dalmatia. These fictions had no basis of fact and they bear a suggestive resemblance to the exploits of captains of fortune in the days of the Renaissance. The only actual incident was an ill-advised and indecisive landing at Zara. The D'Annunzio gentlemen proclaimed the rights of the people and waved the banner of self-determination. But these were to apply only to Fiume. Such rights had no validity for the Slavs. So we had contradiction heaped on contradiction. D'Annunzio who had gone to Fiume to protect the ballots of the people and the authority of the local government, rebelled against the decisions of that government and abrogated the very laws which he had pledged himself to defend.

Last Sunday he published a statement in a Fiume newspaper, that will produce a sentiment of profound anguish and regret in the heart of everyone who reads it. You see the man isolated, angry, and yet not without generosity even toward those who have abandoned him. Old comrades have deserted his standard. To him they are ungrateful cowards. He recalls the pledges of loyalty, the frank allegiance, the applause, and the devotion that inspired them before. He appeals for a return of days that cannot be recalled; he dreams of combat; he refuses to understand that the spirit which dominates these drab days in Fiume is not the spirit of treason but of loyalty. The Italians who followed him in body or in spirit last September

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were not following the man himself, but the banner of Italy and of Fiume. To-day they have seen their error. They appreciate that their arbitrary course would in the end be fatal to both Italy and Fiume. But their leader blindly persists in his original path and refuses to see the light that would cause him to retrace his steps. But how has he become so deafened by the clamor of his own passions that he cannot hear the voices of warning that rise on every hand? How can he fail to see that his perverse persistency now imperils the safety of the very city which he would rescue? How can he imagine that he will be able to aid that city by insisting upon the discrepancy between the promises that Wilson made to Italy on the 24th of April, to the effect that the Slavic coast should remain neutral, and the more cautious and equivocal promises that he makes now — as if the world feared that Italy would not be strong enough to forbid any group of its citizens from undertaking private campaigns of conquest, and, therefore, concluded that it was advisable to permit the Slavs to arm and fortify themselves?

Possibly, D'Annunzio may yet see his error and submit to the majesty of law and of destiny. It is not only vain, but it is puerile to defy the will of history, to improvise a despotic government, to rely upon a group of partisans, in the midst of Europe in this twentieth century. No man can achieve that. It is not an unbreakable will that distinguishes heroes. Better the stern resolution of a stoic than the heady obstinacy of the warrior. Loyalty to moral law and resignation to the commands of Fate are more dignified than irrational opposition. If D'Annunzio will wake up from his dream, recover his mental balance, and again be loyal to Italy and to his own better self, Italy will be loyal to him in turn. The glory of his former achievements will not be dead. No, rather, it will be rendered brighter by his sacrifice.

[*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, December 22, 1919*]

LABOR AND POLITICS IN SPAIN

BY MANUEL DE MONTOLINO-BARCELONA

Spain faces a serious crisis as a result of the increasing bitterness of the class conflict. Thanks to the untiring efforts of the element friendly to Germany, the country succeeded in maintaining its neutrality throughout the war. It derived great material profit from this situation, an era of unprecedented financial and industrial activity which inspired most alluring hopes for the future. The impoverishment of the progressive nations of Europe suddenly raised Spain to the position of a wealthy power. The capitalist classes were feverishly active and it looked for a period as though a lucky turn in the wheel of fortune might restore their country for a second time in its history, to a leading place in Europe.

All these fair prospects seem about to vanish into thin air. The shock of war has rocked even this neutral country to its profoundest depths. The class conflict which reddens the horizon of Europe with the lurid glare of revolution manifests itself here in violent and dangerous social dissensions. The very wealth with which the war flooded the nation has encouraged the working people to insist upon the immediate introduction of the radical social reforms which their leaders have proclaimed as imminent. Bolshevism has many enthusiastic converts among these leaders and the most radical

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communist ideals have won the fanatical support of Spanish labor. The result is that a country which a year ago seemed at the dawn of an era of great economic progress now finds itself on the verge of chaos and anarchy.

The focus of serious social disturbances is, naturally, in the region of greatest business activity, Catalonia, and particularly in Barcelona, its capital. The keenly enterprising spirit which characterizes the population of that province — in contrast with the dreamy contemplation of a glorious past, still typical of many other parts of Spain — has long made the class struggle in that province more bitter, perhaps, than in any other civilized country. The pronounced individualism of the Catalonians adds to the seriousness of the situation. Another influence that makes things worse is the attitude of hostile or unsympathetic reserve which the Madrid Government has exhibited for many years toward this province. The central authorities have good reason to attribute the strength of the Nationalist and Separatist movements in Catalonia to its industrial prosperity, and resent the vigorous efforts its people are making to secure a larger degree of self-government.

Spanish employers, wearied with their profitless struggle against the daily increasing obstacles which the powerful labor organizations having their headquarters in Barcelona placed in the way of the profitable operation of their establishments, decided to form an organization for common protection. With this in view, they founded a Spanish Employers' Union which is controlled by Catalonians, but has important branches throughout the peninsula. One of its first undertakings was to call a congress of employers which was held in Barcelona in October and attended by representatives from every part of Spain. The result of this Congress was the adoption of a very important decision — to proclaim a general lockout covering the whole country, but starting at Barcelona, then extending to Catalonia and thence to the whole Peninsula. This lockout was to continue until the employers had won their demands.

What was the occasion for so radical a decision? We cannot answer this question without a previous word as to recent political events.

Since last July, the Sanchez de Toca cabinet has been in power. Politically, it ranks as conservative, for its principal members are survivors of the Maura cabinet, which was obliged to resign because of the uncompromising opposition of the radicals. This de Toca cabinet was an outcome of the conspiracy which actually originated among the radicals. Since it has not a majority in Parliament, its life depends upon the grace of the latter. But this is not the only inconsistency in the political situation. In order to win the support of the Liberals, Democrats, Republicans, and Socialists, de Toca has from the beginning adopted a programme more radical than the Catalonian syndicalists ever dreamed of seeing under a monarchy. The latter are not only tolerated but are encouraged and favored. In fact, under the present administration, an unquestionably illegal syndicalist society in Barcelona has been able to conduct an active anarchist agitation, to hamper production and to employ the most reprehensible and violent methods to cripple the operations and to undermine the authority of employers. So the latter became intensely bitter against this ostensibly conservative cabinet on account of the boundless demands of the syndicalists, and decided to take extreme measures which the critical situation demanded. This

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is, in few words, the reason for the lockout inaugurated by the Spanish Employers' Union.

The lockout started in November and was promptly put into effect by every industrial establishment in Barcelona. At the beginning of the second week it extended to the Catalonian textile mills, which represent the most important industry of the province. Immediately, negotiations were started which led to an agreement satisfactory to both sides, involving an increase of wages. Barcelona was delighted with the settlement and hoped that the labor agitation might now be directed into lawful channels. This confidence was strengthened by a Royal Decree, issued by the government the same day, giving legal force to agreements entered into by mixed committees of employers and employees, and making both these parties liable under the law for violating such agreements.

But this joy was short-lived. As soon as the lockout ceased the representatives of the workingmen withdrew from the committee, claiming that the agreement had been violated by the employers, and broke off all relations with the latter. Some factories and shops continued in operation but there was great unrest and a feeling of dissatisfaction on both sides. Many employers are facing the necessity of closing their establishments, or of removing them to some other part of the country. Meantime, the syndicalist leaders are quietly planning a new offensive. During the interval, Barcelona, the populous metropolis of the Mediterranean, is torn by endless dissensions and watches all its hope of a brilliant industrial future vanish. Vigorous Catalonian manufacturers, who were prepared to utilize to the utmost the present unprecedented opportunity to acquire vast and rich markets, see themselves confronted with ruin and all their promising projects brought to naught.

Who is responsible? Quite apart from the conditions which are making the labor problem serious in every part of the world, we are forced to recognize that in Spain we face additional difficulties due to a lamentable lack of popular education and discipline. The responsibility for this comes home to the employers themselves. Their way of meeting labor problems harks back to the eighteenth — we might even say to the seventeenth — century. At the same time, the working people are living in an unreal world of communist dreams. Last of all, the government itself is nothing more than a reflection of the intellectual confusion and anarchy that characterize the rest of the nation. It is incapable of wise social legislation that might check the unrest that threatens to get beyond control.

[*Il Progresso di Bologna, December 2, 1919*]

ITALY AND GERMANY

BY LUIGI GUGLIELMENOTTI

FRANCE, or at least the official representatives of that country, apparently, are doing their utmost to produce a moral collapse in Germany. The attitude which the French Government has taken in the question of the blockade and of the war prisoners, and the constant succession of irritating and unnecessarily provocative notes which it has issued, are calculated to nurse international hatred and to prevent Germany's moral recovery. Such a system might be justifiable during the war, but it has now become both harmful and absurd.

America is at present giving the most positive assistance toward the economic recovery of Germany. It is the only nation in a position to provide

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that conquered country with the material aid which it requires. On the other hand, the conditions there compel it to exercise an economic control which seems likely to result in Germany's industrial subjugation by America. The Germans are saying that America is literally buying them out completely. While that may be an inevitable phase of reconstruction, it carries within itself the seed of future dangers. The Americans and English are trying to revive Germany, we must admit, very much as the French are trying to restore economic health to Czecho-Slovakia, and we Italians are striving to perform the same service for German Austria. However, the outcome is economic subjugation — a condition which, viewed from the ideal standpoint, is quite the reverse of progress.

So far as Italy is concerned, we have a profound interest in Germany's economic and moral recovery. Indeed, it is a vital matter with us that Central Europe should regain its material prosperity, because we cannot dispense with the trade of that region, from which we require supplies, and whence we ship so much of our products.

Consequently, we should promote the reëstablishment of commercial connections between Italy and Germany, and that reciprocal exchange of material and intellectual wealth which is essential for our prosperity. Germany was a great manufacturing country, and will remain so. This is assured by its position, by its industrial traditions, and by the wonderful capacity of its people for persistent and careful labor, especially in mechanical trades. The Italian nation, on the other hand, has an ancestral love for agriculture and will never turn aside from that pursuit.

Such conflicts of interest as formerly existed between Italy and Germany have been completely removed by the war, which has lifted our country out of the position of material and moral inferiority in which an ambiguous international policy left us. There are no real conflicts of political interest between Italy and Germany. Quite the reverse. The two nations have common cause to pursue a continental policy opposed to that of the other nations which are trying to distract the attention of the Italian people from our legitimate national aspirations. Italy and Germany are now the leading democracies of Europe. We may be sure — and should not delude ourselves on this point — that they will find in the French pseudo-democracy a persistent enemy. Under the leadership and patronage of cunning England, France has become a stronghold of reaction. The new Italian party group, including all the factions from the Socialists to the Radical Liberalists, is now determined to follow a path which leads to the liberation of every nation from every form of imperialism. Its task is to bring about a true and sincere reconciliation inspired by mutual respect and community of interest.

In our opinion, the economic recovery of Germany cannot occur without a simultaneous intellectual recuperation. A person who knew Germany before the war and now revisits it and studies the people carefully, fails to recognize the nation. Not a remnant is left of the former model business organization, which with conscious superiority strove to serve the economic needs of the whole world. The self-confidence of the German people is gone. The leading classes are for the most part completely demoralized, and the decline of national morale is, if anything, more striking than the military and economic collapse.

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But if the Germans impress one as a demoralized nation, we must not overlook the great extent to which this demoralization is due to exceptional condition. The influential and intellectual class is exhausted by the sacrifices of the war. The physical exhaustion of the people, caused principally by undernourishment, reveals itself to the superficial observer in a kind of nervousness which has engrafted itself upon the nature of present day Germans, and manifests itself in every phase of social intercourse.

In spite of all this, the essentially sound and vigorous character of the German race continues to reveal itself. It has erected a new government with a model democratic constitution, although every obstacle was thrown in its course, on the one side by a victorious and relentless enemy, and on the other side by the Bolsheviki.

[*Hamburger Nachrichten, December 21, 1919*]

GERMANY'S ECONOMIC PROSTRATION

BY WALTER RATHENAU

First among the effects of the war is, of course, the destruction of wealth, which continued five years, and has not yet ceased. This destruction is the greatest in the history of the world. It extends not only to consumable goods, but also to the instruments of production, the machinery of transportation, and to every form of useful property. Second to the destruction of wealth is the decrease in labor power. Not only is the proportion of men in the prime of life smaller now, but the survivors are affected with the lassitude that follows wars. Consequently, we are facing not only a great diminution of wealth, of means of production — in particular of declining output from our mines and from our tillable soil, but we are simultaneously facing a diminished ability to restore these instruments of production and other sources of wealth. We find ourselves in this situation at a moment when one of the greatest economic tasks of history presents itself to the civilized world — that is, the reconstruction and development of the lands lying to the east of Germany, of ruined Russia and the newly organized nations formed from its territory. Last of all — and this takes precedence of all else — we have the task of restoring the ruined areas of Belgium and Northern France.

But were none of these new and tremendous tasks before us, we should, nevertheless, be faced by a deficit of wealth throughout the world. The result is a condition that recalls the economic situation in the Middle Ages — a reversal of the relation of demand and supply. For decades the world has been producing a surplus for which it has been seeking markets. Producers had to hunt for consumers. To-day the opposite is true. For years to come, the consumer will seek the producer. The deficit in provisions and merchandise will continue. That attitude, which has, unfortunately, become only too familiar to our people, which we now assume toward the food supply, will be the habitual attitude toward all other commodities and articles. We must not make the error of assuming offhand that this situation will be identical with a period of intense industrial activity. A boom presupposes not only a great demand, but also abundant resources for supplying that demand. This is not the situation to-day. Indeed, the world is still living to a considerable extent upon its capital rather than upon its income.

The results of this situation will be twofold. On the one hand competi-

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tion in the familiar sense will lose its meaning. There is no longer any purpose in spending millions to promote trade. It is folly to exert ourselves as we have in the past to attract consumers. On the contrary, the demand of the hour is to simplify our distributive machinery and at the same time to standardize production so as to prevent the manufacture of a multitude of different types and styles of an article. A second result of the lack of wealth and decline of production throughout the world, is the continued fall in the value of money. This is not peculiar to Germany, though it is most apparent here. The same movement is evident throughout the civilized world. I may illustrate by saying that the General Electric Company, of which I am president, uses nearly two million marks worth of copper daily, although our output of goods has not yet attained its peace level.

Germany occupies the darkest point in this gloomy picture. We knew a year ago whither we were headed and why we must take that course. Reliable estimates had been made of the quantity of raw materials Germany would be forced to import within specified periods. Their value ran up into the hundreds of millions. We neglected, however, to arrange that these imports should not still further depreciate our foreign exchange. Everyone was talking of free trade. Germany and its government took up that cry. To-day we are under a free trade régime. The result is that German merchandise is being squandered abroad while our money is falling to a point that we would have thought impossible a year ago. The task before us was a double one. We should have struck a balance immediately between consumption and production. Our country has continued to consume far more than it produced. That has necessitated mortgaging our future, and sacrificing our present stocks. The second task was to establish control of traffic across our frontier. Nothing effective was done to accomplish this. A year after the armistice, no commercial guardians watch our boundaries — something that cannot be said of any other civilized nation.

The most serious danger that threatens our industry, however, is the possibility of a decline in our technical efficiency. The years when we were at war were not years of scientific progress. During that period research, invention, and the perfection of processes were more interfered with than ever previously in our history. That is a debit item of almost immeasurable gravity. So another task that confronts us is to exert all the energy that we can rally to promote research and scientific investigation, to improve our methods of work, and to maintain the highest technical standards among our industrial directors and the rank and file of our skilled labor. There is no legislative or regulative panacea for the ills that now inflict German industry. Our only hope lies in self-help. We must direct our efforts in these lines, increasing concentration of industry, simplification of types and processes, and the scientific management of production and distribution.

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[*Roter Tag, December 25, 1919*]

THE LURE OF IMPERIALISM IN SCANDINAVIA

BY DR. ADOLF JURGENS

DESPITE all the plausible talk about a League of Nations and the reconciliation of peoples, of disarmament and eternal peace, a great tide of imperialist sentiment is sweeping over the world. Countries formerly opposed to militarism, like the United States and England, now demand powerful standing armies. Scandinavia, also, has caught the epidemic and is reviving long-forgotten colonial projects and buried imperialistic dreams. Norwegian journalists are retelling the tales of the Vikings and their distant voyages. The Danes are recalling the time when Danebrog came down from heaven in the siege of Reval, and the days when Esthonia was Danish. Last of all, Sweden looks, even though hesitatingly, toward the East, though its gaze is reminiscent rather than calculating.

Norway's writers are letting their thoughts rove, as the ancient Vikings roved, to the most distant quarters of the world, seeking new fields of employment and enrichment for their people. During the war, the battle cry of England's champions in that country was: 'We have the second commercial fleet in the world — we must make our importance felt.' These people are to-day ardent advocates of Norwegian trade expansion. They hope to take the place of Germany in Russian commerce; for the Americans must have a middleman in dealing with that country. They have organized powerful, amply financed corporations for this purpose. They would pursue a similar policy in South America and China, where it is planned to start banks and commercial houses. A common saying in the country is that Norway's future lies in Siberia. Unhappily, the investigations which Director Eyde made in Poland, in regard to the opportunities for Norwegian business in that country, resulted in a pessimistic report.

Those who seek territorial expansion are no less ambitious than these commercial promoters. They say that Norway was practically at war with Germany, and that it never even tried to maintain commercial neutrality. Thousands of Norwegian sailors laid down their lives for the victory of western democracy. It was a mere technicality that the government did not declare war officially. Some of the great Norwegian dailies repeat these arguments day after day, and claim territorial compensations for this service. They have succeeded in getting the Paris Conference to allot Spitzbergen to Norway. This was done in spite of the active opposition of the English Spitzbergen Company, which suddenly discovered that there was a vast wealth of marble, gold, and precious stones in the country. Norway, however, must confirm all existing rights of British subjects and not impair them by subsequent legislation. Matter-of-fact criticism reveals that England's generosity amounts in practice to permitting Norway to assume some very unprofitable police and judicial burdens, leaving the economic

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status of the archipelago practically what it was before.

Disillusioned in this direction, the territorial expansionists of Norway have cast greedy eyes upon German East Africa. However, cold water has been cast upon their plans by powerful influences in the government, that opposed trying for anything more after Spitzbergen.

England is prompt to take advantage of Norway's greed, as an opportunity to employ its old policy of 'divide and rule,' by encouraging the Norwegian correspondents in England to insist that Iceland and the Faroe Islands, which are now Danish possessions, are ancient Norwegian colonies. Naturally, the old argument of common culture does good service here. These imperialist ambitions, however, have startled the saner part of the people into vigorous opposition, especially when they threatened to arouse friction with Sweden, from whom some of these enthusiasts were demanding the return of districts which the latter country had controlled for two centuries.

A crisis of chauvinism is also manifesting itself in Denmark. When the West Indian possessions were sold to the United States, bitter resentment was aroused in certain circles. No one could question but what it was a wise move for the little government to jettison that part of its colonial cargo which was likely to prove so dangerous in the mighty conflagration that was then engulfing the world. It then appeared that international rivalries would tend to concentrate around certain colonial areas, and especially those commanding the ways to the Panama Canal.

The Liberal and Radical elements of the country enforced their policy in this matter, as they did in the question of widening the autonomy of Iceland and securing its formal recognition as enjoying equal rights with the Mother Country. By doing this, Denmark also checkmated an active agitation in England in favor of an Iceland republic. It is not so certain that the Liberal elements in the Danish Government will be equally successful in carrying out their policy with regard to Northern Schleswig. The Conservatives are asserting, with cynical frankness, that regardless of the way the people vote, Denmark must annex at least the first and second zones, They thus demonstrate the ease with which men inspired by selfish interests forget the fair-spoken talk about international law and self-determination, which they themselves were so fond of using against Germany until the recent change in the international situation. According to the latest reports from the West Coast of Schleswig, British propaganda is active there endeavoring to deprive Germany of the Lister Deep, the only place where large war vessels can approach the coast. It is questionable whether the present ministry will be able to carry out its programme of incorporating no more Germans in Denmark than is absolutely necessary, in case the Paris Conference should also oppose a popular vote in the second zone. An election upon this platform would undoubtedly result in favor of the imperialists, although even they appreciate that their policy would expose Denmark to the permanent enmity of Germany, and to complete economic dependence upon Great Britain. Flensburg is a German City. The Danes who live there are merely settlers, as one of the best-known agitators in favor of the union of Northern Schleswig to Denmark, Master Clausen, the man who actually drew the boundaries of the zones in which these questions are being submitted to popular

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vote, recently stated: however, we grant the Danish Imperialists enough sense to realize that they cannot undo the processes of historical evolution without provoking a new episode of 1864. We hope they will act accordingly in the interest of cordial coöperation between Germany and Scandinavia. Let the old source of friction be removed in such a way as to leave no ill effects behind.

Sweden has assumed a peculiar attitude toward the tumult of chauvinism which, at present, is unsettling everything in Scandinavian countries. Although its place in history has been that of a defender of Europe against the East and the shield of the German reformation, and a vigorous foreign policy, therefore, forms part of its political traditions, it refused to take part in the world war and even neglected to aid its old colony, Finland — which still remains the seat of Swedish civilization — against its Russian oppressor. It did send a sanitary detachment to the Aaland Islands, but this timid and hesitating measure was speedily recalled. Consequently, the sympathy of the Finns for Sweden has been chilled, and Sweden has lost its prospect of securing the Aaland Islands through a friendly understanding. The party now in power in Finland is hostile to the Swedish element. Although they have always been such ardent advocates of the right of self-determination, the Finns deny to the forty thousand inhabitants of the Aaland Islands the exercise of that right.

Consequently, Sweden finds itself in the unpleasant situation of having to appeal to the Entente to further its claims. It must now court favor from the party to which it was covertly hostile in the war. English statesmen find a new trump thrust in their hands, and are using the opportunity to secure valuable commercial advantages from Sweden. A recent issue of the *Handelstidning* says that the last tonnage agreement with Britain amounts to sacrificing Sweden's commercial independence without a sure prospect of securing any compensation whatever. This controversy between Finland and Sweden is the more to be regretted because it temporarily narrows the conception of Scandinavia. Not only have the Nationalists in Sweden suddenly discovered that the Finns belong to another race, but the Radical Socialists are agitating against the alleged atrocities of the reactionary Finn Government. This is deepening the gulf. The loss of Scandinavia's sympathy and the severing of intellectual relations between the two countries increases the always latent Russian danger for Finland, by tending to isolate that country. We may be sure that Greater Russia, whether it be Bolshevist or Reactionary, will strive again to extend its holdings along the Baltic. This antagonism is still further increased by the fact that Finnish expansionists are trying to establish claim upon a certain river valley in Northern Norway. But in spite of all these causes of discord, we keep hearing from Norway and Denmark the assertion that Finland properly is a part of Scandinavia, and that the four northern countries must form a close economic union. On the other hand the powers that be in Finland have conceived such hostility to Sweden that we are hearing very little from them of the plan for a Scandinavian union. The Finns rather incline now to closer alliance with the Esthonians. However, the latter scheme does not promise much, because both countries are infected with Bolshevism. It is hardly necessary to add that the boundary problems all through this region are still unsolved. Some people in Sweden are proposing

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a Baltic union. An influential financial paper in Denmark wants a Baltic Currency Union. Last of all, there is the ambitious plan in Denmark to make Copenhagen the warehouse centre and transshipping point for Anglo-Saxon manufactures and commodities destined to Baltic markets.

ALONG THE DANUBE

[*Arbeiter Zeitung, December 19, 1919*]

I. Budapest

Fourteen terrorists have been condemned to death by the extraordinary tribunal in Budapest, and the sentences have been carried out. Some of these men were guilty of outright murder committed in the intoxication of power, or from low motives of revenge, or in an incomprehensible callousness and disregard for human life. Such was the murder of Subaltern Dobsa who paid with his life for a disrespectful remark and an insulting gesture. To the same class of crimes belonged the murder of the two Hollans who were seized as hostages and then without any ascertainable reason, simply shot and thrown into the Danube. Such acts are never excusable under any circumstances and when they are committed by revolutionary authorities in the midst of a popular uprising, they discredit the revolution itself, do untold damage to the cause of reform, inspire bitter hatred, and turn the sense of human outrage at such enormities into distrust and detestation of the very principles of revolution. These unnecessary and brutal murders aided the very bourgeoisie they were intended to intimidate.

But other charges for which the fourteen terrorists were executed were of quite a different character. For instance, at the very moment that the counter-revolutionary monitors were bombarding the headquarters of the Soviet Government, a man signaled to them with a white cloth, to continue firing, and shouted to his fellow citizens: 'Long Live the counter-revolution.' This man fell, struck by the bullet of a revolutionary guard. We feel justified in claiming that a revolutionary soldier who shoots an armed member of the bourgeoisie in a civil conflict of this kind cannot be called a murderer, unless we make the same charge against every soldier who shoots an enemy in battle. The terrorists who were handed over to the executioner of the counter-revolutionary government for such acts as these, and paid for them with their lives upon the gallows, are entitled to have their names freed from the disgrace that attaches to common crimes, and to be regarded as victims of class justice and class murder.

The intellectual and moral conditions unveiled by the revelations of this trial are not calculated to inspire sympathy for communist methods of government. A man of justice and comprehension will not judge the acts and sentiments of a revolutionary crisis by the same standard that he would apply to a period of peace or the victorious days of reaction. But even the tumult of revolution has laws

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which its authorities should obey. There are certain standards of humanity and morals which are the common property of civilized mankind under all conditions. They are so deeply anchored in human conscience that the torrent of revolution or counter-revolution cannot unroot them — and to do so inflicts irreparable damage upon the social order. To disregard these principles and sentiments merely calls down upon the heads of revolutionists the contempt and hatred and resistance of a vast majority of their fellow men. Among these sentiments none stands higher than regard for human life — the conviction that human life is the most valuable thing in the world, the standard by which we measure all other values, and that no social system can exist for more than a transient period which disregards the protections which society has evolved by centuries of struggle to set around the safety of the individual. Consider the shock that paints itself upon the countenance of any person who is eye-witness to a murderous attack, and his spontaneous impulse to spring to the aid of the victim and to wreak vengeance on the assailant. That is merely the instinctive reaction begotten of the universal sense of mankind that individual life must be held highly. Any revolution or revolutionary government that treads upon this sentiment is doomed.

A poet has said that one's image may be reflected even by a broken mirror — and however distorted the image we may receive from the biased Budapest proceedings, we catch enough of the true features of the communist revolution there to see that it neither obeyed its own laws and precepts nor was able to control the unruly and often criminal elements in its service, so as to protect human life. Revolutions unavoidably impair, to some extent, traditional morals and social conventions. Their necessarily destructive character of itself relaxes standards. But the morals of this group of Budapest terrorists, their conception of their own rights and those of others, the argot which colored not only their speech, but also their intellects, bear striking similarity to those of the criminal world. That group of terrorists was an organization that permitted the lowest instincts of the slums to gratify themselves under the guise of a new revolutionary legality. The brutal instincts, the coarseness of speech, the irresponsible disregard for human life and of every other form of property that this trial has brought to light, are all symptoms of moral degeneracy and not signs of that revolutionary intensity of purpose which sometimes disregards the means by which it attains its ends. It is most disheartening to see how these people, for the most part, seem to have had no true interest in the revolutionary cause, how, with one, and possibly two exceptions, no gleam of the great idea for which they pretended to be fighting, really illumined their words and thoughts. To put it bluntly, they were not the champions but the serfs of the revolution.

To be sure, the abhorrence shown by the bourgeoisie world in general and especially by that of Hungary, does not become them. The brutality and atrocities of the terrorists, and the disregard for human life which their rule encouraged and which the better-intentioned leaders could not repress, are all children of that religion of force of which the World War was the great atonement — the greatest of terrorist undertakings that the world has ever experienced and suffered. The thing that the civilized world did in the war and praised as the highest virtue —

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killing men because they spoke a different tongue or acknowledged a different sovereign — was what these misguided men did in the war of classes. To the former, men of another nation were without the law — to the latter, men of a different social rank. Conrad and Foch, Ludendorff and Haig, they are the true mentors of the terrorists.

And what of the Hungarian ruling classes that have caused these terrorists to be executed by their tribunals? The latter are as pure handed of blood as children compared with their own henchmen, who killed more honest innocent men and women in one night in the single city of Keskemet, than the proletarian revolution, brutal and out of hand as it became, did in its whole existence. People like this have no moral authority to hang as criminals men who did in a petty way what they did on a wholesale scale. It is not justice that is being done in Budapest. No, this is a pitiless act of pitiless retaliation in a civil war. A society that hails Ivan Hejjes as a liberator has forfeited the right to pass sentence upon Joseph Czerny.

[*Frankfurter Zeitung, November 1, 1919*]

II. Belgrade

The most desolate section of Belgrade is the suburb along the Danube. The river at this point is broad, sluggish, and muddy. Its banks are so low that one can follow with difficulty the line where the reedy waters stop and the grassy shores begin. A couple of heavy scows lie black and still upon the turgid water, like giant coffins.

On the other side of the saddle of land upon which the city stands, it slopes down to the banks of the Save. Here everything is life, color, and movement. Passenger steamers are constantly coming and going, landing crowds that speedily disperse in the neighboring streets. Freight boats labor up loaded with plodding workingmen who crowd around the stalls of the street peddlers to buy a piece of roast pork or a handful of parched peas or a glass of liquor or fermented milk. Policemen and customs house guards take themselves and the world very seriously. Cabmen and porters keep a sharp lookout for trade. But over on the Danube side everything is deserted and the approach to the city from that direction begins through mud or dust, past rubbish heaps and thistle fields until one reaches the wretched pavements of the dreary outlying streets. The old Turkish quarter long ago disappeared. An isolated Turkish house remains here and there nearly the sole survivor of the numerous minarets that used to lend Belgrade the charm and picturesqueness of an Oriental town. Over in the new city the streets are laid out at right angles in a prosaic modern way, but in this section they still retain their old deviousness.

The houses have heaps of rubbish and clumps of thistles in the yards instead of flowers and shrubbery. During the summer everything is covered with dust, which descends upon the city like the ashes of Pompeii, covering alike men, animals, trees, and pavements. During the rainy season this dust becomes a sticky, tenacious mud that clings to one's boots and clothing. Even after one has crossed the Dusanska Uliza, with its melancholy and dilapidated tramway, and reaches the better part of the city, with its lighted shops and cafés, the melancholy impression of the old town still hovers in his mind.

War has thrust its fist of steel into the city, blotting out a building here, overthrowing a wall there, or leaving vacant windows. Shattered bal-

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conies hang precariously in the air and heaps of rubbish still clutter the ground about the ruined remnants of former edifices. The cannon of the Danube monitors and the artillery posted on the opposite bank of the river carried their destruction far into the centre of the city, and little attempt has as yet been made to repair the damage. The national poets called their capital, 'Belgrade, my White Swan.' Sad experiences, indeed, have befallen this Swan City since I last previously saw it from a Semlin steamer, with the sunset gilding its houses and towers and the walls of its fortresses. That was in October, 1912, when the populace was proclaiming with enthusiasm the Balkan Alliance and the soldiers of Peter Karageorgevic, with yellow asters in their caps and in the muzzles of their rifles, were setting out to free their Serbian brothers from the yoke of the Turks. The evening that the extras brought the news of the Montenegrin declaration of war against the Sultan, a tremendous crowd of enthusiastic people surged through the Mihailaova Uliza and the national theatre played the princely poets' *Balkauska Carica*. Two years and two months later, the Austrians came, after their artillery had destroyed the theatre, and erected a huge gallows in the beautiful roomy Plaza in front of it, in order to demonstrate to these neophytes in western civilization the beauties of European culture.

Even now, the National Theatre has not been entirely restored from its ruins and ashes. Repairs and reconstruction are still under way. But if a person desires again to get a glimpse of the footlights, he visits the performances at the Casino. In the garden of a nearby restaurant, where the insurgents first raised the flag of revolt against their Osman oppressor in 1815, a stock company is playing popular pieces by local authors. The scenes of the play I witnessed were laid in the former frontier district toward Turkey, and the theme was the arousing of the South Slav soul from the twilight slumber of Orientalism to the alert wakefulness of the West.

The enemies' shells treated native literature with more consideration than they did the surrounding fortresses, where hardly one stone is left upon the other. But the change in the people has modified the external aspect of the city during the war more than physical destruction. The street crowds are more picturesque than ever. One sees peasants from Shumadia in their brown costumes, countrymen from the Banat in broad white kilts and breeches, Montenegrins in gold and red embroidered garments, gypsies in every variety of raggedness, Macedonians with their white caps, and Moslems with their red fez, mingling with the multi-colored uniforms of French colonials, American Red Cross Nurses, English officers, and Australian war correspondents, and the whole variegated mass picked out by the glittering gold and silver braid which emblazons the tunics of the new South Slav officers.

For centuries Belgrade has been the meeting point of different nationalities, different races, and different civilizations. Native writers before the war never quite agreed as to which of its national elements gave a distinctive character to Belgrade — the bourgeoisie of Greek or mixed Greek and Macedonian origin, for generations Serb in sentiment and consciousness, fond of displaying to its guests its expensive but tasteless and ill-assorted furniture; or the half-peasant population of the Palilula quarter which still retains traces of the dialect of Torlok, where neither pure Serbian nor pure Bulgarian is spoken; or the patri-

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archal long-bearded fez wearers of the Jewish quarter; or the population of petty tradesmen, mechanics, and officials recruited from the whole country and presenting so many amusing and bizarre types; or the thousands of refugees from old Serbia and Macedonia, who obstinately refuse to patronize any street stall or café not kept by their own countrymen. Upon this old substratum of mixed nationalities, however, the World War has now imposed an even more variegated conglomerate of races. Then there is another division, dividing those who remained in the city throughout all the sufferings of hostile occupation, and even in some instances formed friendly ties with their temporary masters; from the veterans of the old army, who have never recovered entirely from the hardships of their heroic retreat through icy Albania; and the returned refugees who have come back from their years of exile in Geneva, Paris, and London. Then come the Croats and Slovenes for whom Belgrade has now become a political capital and a centre of national culture. They arrive in the retinue of new cabinet officers, or as delegates to Parliament, or merely to start new business houses and cafés. Consider what a mixture all these varied elements make and what a problem of assimilation they present.

[*Münchner Neueste Nachrichten, December 23, 1919*]

III. Bucharest

The recent parliamentary elections in Roumania called to public attention the revolutionary effect of the war upon that government. The addition of new territories, and especially of Transylvania, which sends almost as many parliament members to Bucharest as the whole former kingdom, have pushed into the background the representatives of the old government with their traditional party division into Liberals and Conservatives. The old parties split up, according to their respective national sympathies in the recent conflict, and in several instances aligned themselves under the banners of new leaders. In addition, a Radical Socialist party has appeared in the field since the German occupation. It owes its origin to the events in Russia.

This whole party arrangement has been thrown into confusion by the extension of the old Wallachian-Moldavian State into a greater Roumania. When the new Parliament assembled it was at once evident that new faces and new problems would dominate the body. Sixty per cent of the members represent territories hitherto belonging to other countries. These new men are, for the most part, fanatical Nationalists. This applies especially to the representatives from Transylvania, whose sentiments are finding play for the first time after years of senseless Hungarian repression. They crowd the streets and cafés of Bucharest and are infecting Parliament and the whole country with their own sentiments. Formerly, political campaigns consisted largely of each party charging the other with shameless corruption. The new nation is mainly interested in international affairs — the expedition to Budapest, the dispute with the Supreme Council in Paris, and general dissatisfaction with the Entente.

It is a hard task to organize a cabinet that can pursue a consistent policy and at the same time retain the allegiance of its incongruous following. A constant succession of ministerial crises since the beginning of the electoral campaign indicates how difficult it has been for Roumania to recover its equilibrium after the unsettlement of

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the war. Bratainu resigned in the summer after his first controversy with the Entente; the Manolescu cabinet that followed had a short life; a coalition cabinet under Maniu, the famous head of the Transylvania Nationalists, was wrecked on the opposition of the Conservatives and the followers of General Averescu. Later a forlorn-hope cabinet consisting of six generals who are really Bratainu's strong men, was at the head of affairs under Vaitojanu as Premier. These generals conducted the election under a state of siege and with a strict censorship on the newspapers. The result was that the Conservatives and Socialists, although they had the right to vote, refused to participate in the election.

After several days' negotiation a new coalition cabinet has just come to life, containing representatives from all the new Provinces. The Premier is a Transylvanian, Vaida, who was a leader of the Transylvanian opposition in the Hungarian Parliament. General Averescu is Minister of the Interior, although he has been charged with friendliness to Germany during the war. His selection, in spite of the latter fact, and of his unfriendly attitude during the election, is due to the serious domestic discontent especially in respect to land tenures. A new land policy has become necessary as a result of the revolutionary movement throughout Europe.

The Roumanian press prophesies that the new cabinet will have a short life. It will not be popular in old Roumania. The opposition to Averescu is especially strong among the reactionary landholding Boyars.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

TO-DAY'S MORALS

BY DEAN INGE

THE admirable article of M. Dauzat, on '*La Crise morale de l'heure présente*,' is of especial interest to English readers. We in this country know very little of the internal condition of France. We have formed the impression that order and discipline have been maintained there with less difficulty than in other countries, and also that such troubles as have existed have been suppressed and concealed with great success. In spite of our unfeigned admiration for French patriotism and public spirit, we have wondered that the government has apparently been troubled with so few anti-social manifestations, and have speculated on the causes of this immunity.

M. Dauzat partially lifts the curtain for us. He draws a picture of French society which is strikingly similar to the conditions which prevail in England. We are allowed to see a small class of profiteers, who have made fortunes out of the war, and who live in luxury and ostentation. The officials of every grade, he tells us, are clamorous for more pay. The learned professions, which before the war enjoyed

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a high social prestige, as being a kind of *apostolat*, raised above the greed of gain, have joined in the general scramble for money, and are losing the respect of society in consequence. The workman has been spoiled by the war. He enjoys a prosperity beyond his wildest dreams, and it has made him, not contented, but extravagant, arrogant, and insatiable. He steadily refuses to contribute his due share to the taxes. In all classes M. Dauzat observes a rapid decay in patriotic enthusiasm, and an eagerness, especially among women volunteers, to give up their war work and return to their social amusements.

M. Dauzat has no intention of blackening the character of his countrymen. Like a good patriot, he points to certain grave symptoms which he observes, and indicates possible remedies.

In most points, his description of France might serve very well for England. We too have our profiteers, our discontented officials, and our anti-social labor movements, acting by incessant 'demands' and threats. In both countries alike there is the amazing phenomenon of apparent universal prosperity, following on the most costly and destructive war ever recorded by history. We are only just beginning to realize that we are galloping along the road to ruin. Our factitious prosperity is the result partly of seizing for war purposes whatever could be realized of the accumulated wealth of the country, and partly by the issue of unlimited paper money, which is the modern equivalent of that time-honored expedient of governments in difficulties — the debasement of the coinage.

But there are one or two differences between the two countries. M. Dauzat finds that extreme poverty (*la misère*) has disappeared from France. With us, unfortunately, there is a great deal of real distress, amounting almost to starvation, among the middle class, who are ground between the upper and nether millstones of the profiteers and the trade unions. This class, believing that its sufferings are incurred for the good of the country, has borne them with exemplary patience and self-sacrifice; but distress is extreme. Large numbers of the parochial clergy are almost in rags, and have not enough to eat. Refined gentlemen and ladies are reduced to accepting presents of cast-off clothing and old boots. The richer professional men, though they have enough left to keep the wolf from the door, have lost about fifteen shillings in the pound of their incomes before the war, fifty per cent being taken from them by taxation, and fifty per cent of the remainder by increase in the cost of living.

This enormous transference of wealth, caused chiefly by the threats of organized labor, which, while the country was fighting for its life, it was impossible to resist, constitutes a social revolution such as this country has never seen before. There is one other point in which our experience does not agree with that of the French. The women — those at least who belong to the upper and middle classes — have not shown any eagerness to throw up their war work. They are still showing themselves worthy of their new political privileges by admirable devotion to the service of the country.

The explanation of the profligate finance of the government, from the beginning of the war to the present moment, is the grave political condition of the country. It was known that a revolutionary plot, to paralyze the life of the nation by a great strike, was being prepared for the autumn of 1914. The government could rely on the

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personal courage and pugnacity of all sections of the population in war time, but not on the loyalty of the trade unions. The executive in England is always weak and timid; in war time, in spite of special legislation, it is impotent against any well-organized anti-social conspiracy. Our government had no policy except to buy off revolution by gigantic bribes to the manual laborers. These doles, needless to say, have only whetted the appetite of those who receive them. They are accepted without gratitude and squandered without consideration. Very little, comparatively, has been saved by the working class and invested in the war loans. A manufacturer of munitions who paid £15,000 a week in wages, told me that the average weekly savings of his men amounted to only £250.

The favorite objects of expenditure are costly foods and drinks, including such luxuries as pineapples, which have disappeared from the tables of the upper class; pianos which, though they are seldom opened, are regarded as a *cachet* of prosperity; and fine clothes. Hats priced at eighteen and a half guineas are now being bought at Cardiff by the wives of the miners who are holding up the nation's coal supply. We have all seen the 'munition girl,' sweating under a thirty-guinea fur coat on a summer afternoon, with her feet tortured, like those of a Chinese woman, in pointed shoes with heels three inches high. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle:* but, unfortunately, the results, in this case, are not worth the sacrifice.

In France and England alike these displays of recklessness and frivolity have been coincident with a grim tenacity, during the whole of the struggle, which excited the surprise of our opponents and the admiration of the rest of the world. There is in the English character a deep-seated optimism, and a proud self-confidence, which refuse to accept defeat or even regard it as possible; it is a quality which has carried us through many dangers. But besides this, the Germans, with characteristic stupidity, contrived, within a few months of the declaration of hostilities, to kindle in the whole British nation a bitter hatred and anger such as we have never before felt for our opponents in war. The Englishman for the most part agrees with Lord Roberts, who at the beginning of the struggle reminded his countrymen that 'a good sportsman does not hate or revile his enemy.'

When Soult visited London after Waterloo, and was received with loud cheers, he rightly took these demonstrations, not only as a sign of the generosity of the English, but as a proof that, as he said, 'I have always made war like a *galant homme.*' But the Germans could not make war like a *galant homme.* They outraged the English sense of fair play by violating all the usages of civilized warfare; and they roused the sleeping devil in the English nature by murdering our women and children. The amount of mischief which they did to themselves by the sinking of the Lusitania, by the air raids, and by their poison gas, can hardly be estimated. The proper way to fight John Bull is to show punctilious chivalry, when it can be done without sacrificing military advantage. At the opening of the war public feeling in England was so little exacerbated against Germany, that it was well for the Allies that the Germans did not adopt these tactics.*

* Early in 1915 an American professor wrote from London: 'I have been much impressed with the almost complete absence of expressions of hatred against the enemy. Even the indiscriminate slaughter of women and children at Scarborough and Hartlepool has not provoked a spirit of vindictiveness in this well-balanced and self-restrained race.' But the cup was then nearly full.

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Now that the stimulus of hatred is withdrawn, the condition in the country is extremely grave. Years have passed since a treasury official said to me, 'We cannot see a ray of hope anywhere'; and the situation is now very much worse than it was then. The danger consists not only in the portentous mountains of debt, but in the fact that the government has seemingly lost the power to govern, and is chiefly engaged in levying and paying blackmail to various bands of robbers, or in pleading with them to wait for a few months before putting the knife to our throats.

The question may naturally be asked, why social unrest should be so acute, just when the workingman has obtained more than he ever hoped for, and far more than is necessary for his needs. The present state of affairs has, indeed, proved conclusively that the main cause of social unrest is *not economic*. This is a new idea to those who have all their lives identified the aspirations of labor with the cause of the poor against the rich. The workingman has ceased to be poor; he is far better off than the majority of the middle class; but there is no sign that he is thinking of relaxing his hostility to the existing social order. He has no scruple about stabbing the nation to the heart by blockading its supply of the necessaries of life. This is civil war, whatever we may call it; and the question presses for an answer why, within a year of our great national deliverance, a considerable section of the population, who have already been loaded with doles and special privileges, should declare war against the community. If the causes of their discontent are not economic, what are they? There can be no more vitally important question than this.

One method of investigation, which has been tried by Mr. Graham Wallas and others, is to ask a large number of workmen, engaged in different industries, whether they like or dislike their work, and if possible to elicit the reasons for the answer given. The result of these inquiries has been, on the whole, to show that men dislike their work in proportion as it approximates to the conditions of the great industry. A farmer, a shepherd, a gardener enjoys his work. But, according to the testimony of the principal of Ruskin College, an institute for workingmen at Oxford, 'engineers say generally their work is all toil. Coal miners say the same. Factory workers, that is, textile, bootmaking, etc., agree that the work is all toil.'

From the point of view of happiness, it seems that the great development of our industries has been a mistake. The American remedy is to introduce what is called scientific management — to study the conditions of maximum productive efficiency. The economic effect already produced by scientific management has been most remarkable, the output in some businesses having been trebled. It is clear that under such a system the workmen might earn (and not merely receive) higher wages for a shorter day's work. But the effect of this complete mechanization of humanity would be to make work more intolerably dull and irksome than ever; the various human needs which receive no satisfaction in the workshop would have to be entirely provided for in hours of leisure. It is one solution of the difficulty; but it gives up the redemption of work as hopeless, and condemns us to a continuation of the ugly, inartistic civilization which has overspread the world since the beginning of the industrial revolution. And it is not likely that the workmen will be content with it; it involves what is really a degradation of human nature.

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One of the enthusiasts of scientific management assumes that men can be found to handle pig-iron, each of whom 'more nearly resembles in his mental make-up the ox than any other type.' Human oxen are just what this system requires. But, as Mr. Graham Wallas says, 'the Chinese experiment of building the Great Wall by the labor of six hundred thousand prisoners, who had been surgically reduced to the condition of oxen, has not been repeated.'

A much more thorough investigation of the conditions of happiness in labor is required than has yet been carried out. It will probably be found that none can be happy if his natural instincts have no outlet. For tens of thousands of years man has been a country dweller. His occupations have been tilling the ground, tending flocks and herds, hunting, and fighting. This is the life to which the human organism is adapted; the life of the factory hand is unnatural. The employer, whose office work is not less contrary to nature, gets his annual holiday, during which, if he is wise, he plays at being a barbarian. His two months in the Highlands give him what Aristotle calls a 'purgation of the emotions,' and he comes back to his office stool a new man. The factory hand has no such relief. Probably he is not conscious that he needs it; he certainly would not choose to be a farm laborer. But for all that, it is probable that his unhappiness, which cannot be the result of economic causes, is really to be attributed to the unnatural conditions of his life.

There is another confirmation of the psychologist's view, besides the testimony of the workers themselves. Those who study the Registrar General's returns showing the comparative duration of life in the various callings will receive a severe shock, and will realize that Dame Nature has very decided views as to how a man ought and ought not to spend his life. The difference in the expectation of life between those occupations which appear at the top of the list — the country clergy and farmers and gardeners and shepherds and farm laborers — and the stone-and-metal workers and others near the bottom, is startling.

If this psychological explanation of unrest is the right one — and it is the most charitable view to take of those who seem to care so little for the welfare of the community as a whole — we are faced with a very grave dilemma. On the one side it looks as if the whole of our industrial civilization was based on a mistake — a mistake about human nature, the one thing which never alters. It looks as if Plato and Ruskin were right, when they argued that the wealth which comes from trade is morally poisonous, and that the only healthy condition for a country is to be self-supporting and mainly agricultural. If these prophets are right, nothing will cure social unrest except the gradual decay of our great cities and our great industries. Historians will then have to describe the industrial revolution which began in the reign of George III as a brilliant but anomalous interlude between two periods of quiet rural existence. Readers of Anatole France's brilliant *Ile des Pingouins* will remember how he describes the ruin of a great industrial civilization at the hands of anarchists, and the return of the islanders to the state of a sparsely populated agricultural country, a phase which was itself terminated after a time by a revival of industrialism.

There may be some among us who would gladly go back to the beautiful and restful England of the eighteenth century; but it must be clearly realized that before this change could be brought about, the majority of our

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present population would have to be got rid of somehow; and the process of halving the population of a great country would not be a pleasant one. Perhaps some compromise may be effected, whereby the instinctive needs of the town dweller may be considered and catered for as far as possible, without abolishing *la grande industrie* altogether.

It is probable, in any case, that the twentieth century will be the most difficult and dangerous time that the European peoples have had to face since the downfall of the Roman Empire. We are confronted with three almost insoluble problems — economic, political, and social. The political problem is constituted by the manifest decay of representative government. The golden age of the House of Commons was the brief period between its victory in gaining independence of the Crown and its defeat in attempting to be independent of the constituencies. Since then, the prestige and power of the House have declined every year, till its debates have become little better than a farce. Failure to solve any of these riddles of the Sphinx may plunge us back into the Dark Ages.

The twentieth century must be an age of prolonged tension, anxiety, and, for many, of great suffering. It will probably be an age of bitter passions and terrible crimes. But both England and France have shown such splendid qualities during the war, that there is no reason to be despondent. A great revival of idealism with a religious basis is not impossible, and would transform the whole situation. The civilized world is now suffering from acute fever, the result of exhaustion and overstrain. But we know that in such cases a healthy body produces antitoxins from its own substance, which not only overcome the microbes of the disease, but confer an immunity against another attack for some time to come. There is good hope that something of the kind may take place in the body politic. What we need above all is a purification and elevation of the standard of values by which the average man judges life and good and evil. The civilization of the nineteenth century was infected by materialism; and it is now certain that on this plane there can be no reconciliation of warring interests. There can be no harmonious social life until men and women find their 'treasure' among those values which are not diminished by sharing. This is the best kind of wealth — the wealth of the mind, the soul, and the spirit. It can be won only through self-denial, but this is the eternally true doctrine of the Cross.

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[*L'Humanité*]

THE WOMAN AND THE SLAVE: A CHINESE LEGEND

BY JUDITH GAUTIER

THE wretched man, his rags empurpled by the glow of the descending sun, made one more fruitless effort to reach the top of the slope. Worn out, he took refuge by a great rock which had aided more than one traveler in his time of need. His breath came short, and for a space he closed his eyes. Then as if unable to keep the marvelous beauty of the evening world shut out from his senses, he opened his eyes again and gazed about.

'The splendor of the world,' murmured he, 'which gives itself freely to all, is the treasure of the wretched.'

And he watched the last beams of the great day star fade from the highest treetops in the distant and darkening valley. Blue veils of mist gathered in the depths; the mountains grew slowly more sombre and distinct against the infinite sky.

The man undid a little bundle, took from it a rice cake wrapped in a green leaf, and ate it slowly.

Hard by, a rill of water flowed; he drank, and then washed the grime from his face. Then once more he sat down, not to sleep, but to await the rising of the moon, for he had not completed his journey. He fought against sleep. A cool breeze played mercifully about his brow.

Weary, he leaned in reverie against his only possession, an ox driver's staff. Why had they fled forever — those fugitive days which had beheld him laboring in the rice fields, driving his slow peaceful beasts, the days o his little home with the gracious figures of his venerated parents? Why had heaven so cruelly afflicted him? The years of famine, his mother's long illness, his father's death, the sale of his faithful beasts. Nothing remained that he could call his own, and he had even sold himself in order to give his father the due honors of the dead.

The dispossessed ox driver, no longer even the possessor of himself, was on his way to the unknown master whose serf he was henceforth to be.

The round yellow moon rose above the horizon. Ascending into the veils of mist, it took on a bluish tone. The ox driver rose to his feet, and looked down from the mountain to the great spaces and the deep valleys he must traverse. A wood of bamboos stood by itself gleaming palely. The man recommenced his journey. Already he felt himself less free, already a slave.

Onward he walked, with rhythmic step. The weight of his life's disaster pressed heavily upon his shoulders. The bamboo forest closed about him; he fancied it without end, and saw himself walking through it down eternity. Little flamelets of the moon shone here and there among the slender leaves.

Suddenly, he thought he saw a human being standing motionless in the path.

He became afraid and stopped.

Then he saw that the other traveler was a woman, and that she was drawing near. He advanced, and as they

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met, the woman stopped, and the ox driver saw that she was very beautiful.

'Thou art the spirit of the forest,' cried he.

'Nay,' answered she in a soft voice, 'I am but a very humble, poor, and unhappy woman.'

'Thou unhappy? Then the sun himself is poor.'

The woman withdrew a little into the shade that the dark might veil her loveliness.

'Help me,' she cried. 'Take me for your wife.'

The poor serf stretched out his arms to her, then recollecting his estate, he laughed sorrowfully.

'Do not mock me,' he said, 'I have never harmed thee.'

'I speak in truth and honor. Take me for your wife — protect me!'

'I am so poor that I no longer am even master of myself,— you see me on my way to my owner.'

'But will not your master be happy to possess two slaves for the price of one? I can help you, I can make your slavery less a pain.'

With a little sob, the ox driver threw himself at the woman's feet, and poured out his gratitude to the sky.

So, for many months, the ox driver and his spouse lived with a rich lord.

The ox driver cared for the herds, but light headed with happiness, he walked as in a dream. When his day's labor was at an end, and he found himself in his humble hut, he even forgot to eat. Seated at table, his bewildered eyes followed his kind and beautiful companion.

'How couldst thou be willing to be mine?' said he.

'I saw your soul through the grace of your body,' she replied.

In the hut, she placed a great loom at which she worked incessantly. But the work accomplished she hid under a gray veil which she lowered when she was not alone.

The husband dared not ask to see what she wove, for when near her he felt at once fear and the drunkenness of passion; never would he have dared to touch her had she not lifted her face to his.

'How beautiful thou art! Thou art fair beyond all women, oh, my spouse! Yet when another comes, thou hidest thy beauty in darkness.'

'The master might desire me, and take me away. We are but slaves.' And laughing she continued: 'Do not let your rice get cold.'

On that day steps were heard beyond the wall and a clear high voice spoke in command.

''T is the master,' whispered the wife. 'Go before him, beg him to enter for an instant.'

In spite of the audacity of this request, the ox driver did not hesitate. He ran out and prostrated himself at the feet of his master's magnificence.

'To your hut? Why? What do you want?' said the master.

But the few steps which he had already taken, had brought him to the open door of the dwelling. He glanced within and then hurried over the threshold. For the wife had lifted the veil from the loom, and the finished web was visible.

A cloth was revealed, of so magnificent a texture that its like had never been seen, harmonious, supple, deep, purple with the blood of eastern flowers, dotted with little gleams like unto flames, flowing, fair beyond all loveliness.

The master stood transported with admiration. He touched the woven cloth, turned it, caressed it.

'Will you sell this to me? The price? I like it; it is worth a fortune. The price — speak!'

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'Ten bars of gold and our liberty,' cried the woman.

'You are free,' said the master, 'and my overseer shall count you out the gold.' And with his own hands, with the greatest of care, he detached the cloth from the loom, rolled it up, and carried it away.

Free! They were free! The ox driver wept at the woman's feet, not from happiness, but from the atrocious, the torturing fear that the miracle of his life was coming to an end. And the woman gazed on him with gentleness and great majesty.

'For thee,' she said, 'I broke asunder the bonds of celestial law. Of another world am I, as thou knowest well. Know, then, that I am the Goddess of the Loom of the Heavens. For thee have I labored, and now that all is accomplished, I must return to my place amid the constellations of the sky. Do not weep, live in the memory of thy happiness, live faithful to honor, faithful to the memory of thy celestial bride. The times that are to come will reunite us.'

And gently gathering her robes about her, the celestial lady was swept up into the sky. And at last the ox driver could see her eyes no more.

Many years he lived, years enriched by dreams of his vanished bride. True to honor; true to her he remained. At length his trials were over, and death closed his eyes on earth. And sweeping to earth in a moon-mist, the powers of heaven caught up his soul, and placed him amid the stars of the sky. Close at hand, in her heavenly mansion, dwelt the lady of the loom.

Once a year the falling stars trace themselves into a luminous bridge, and over their arch of flame the Herdsman of the Heavens passes to the house of the beloved.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

PIERROT — IMPENITENT

BY MARIA STEUART

HEART, my Heart, for all your pleasures
You have wasted many treasures!
Let me count what you have done,
What has left me one by one.
Peace and sleep and joy of youth,
Dreams of fame, regard of truth,
Old-time faiths and thoughts and deeds
Cast aside — aside like weeds.
Now of loves and friends bereft
I sit alone, with nothing left,
Facing hunger, sickness, cold,
Death himself, ere I am old.
Yet whatever you have lost me
It was worth whate'er it cost me!

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[*The London Mercury*]

THE LITERARY YEAR IN REVIEW

BY J. C. SQUIRE

THE first whole year of peace has ended, and it is natural to throw a backward look upon its literary production. It is certain that to the historian it will be a year in which various tendencies continued to act; it is possible that his eye, in long retrospect, will observe in it the appearance, the sudden appearance, of new literary developments and important personalities. But it is, as a rule, only in long retrospect that such portents are recognized as such; and though we think that during the year certain movements which have been for some years in existence have been continued, that there are drifts which are easier to perceive than to analyze, we cannot persuade ourselves that 1919 added more than the normal amount to the existing volume of good English literature. It was, in fact, as a literary year very much like one of the war years. Perhaps it should properly be regarded itself as a war year.

The principal physical factor which, in our present relation, operated during the war was the absence on service of the great majority of those young men who would have been beginning to write. These were, with rare exceptions, precluded by sheer force of outer circumstances from literary enterprises of a sustained kind; and, as most of those who survived have left the army within the last year, we could scarcely expect so soon as this to find them producing large and ambitious books. It may also reasonably be argued that the war atmosphere still prevails. Peace has come — and it has not yet come universally or conclusively — not suddenly but with the slowness of a northern dawn. Problems from which even the most self-sufficing mind cannot escape harass the intellect and weigh on the spirit of the civilized world. We are not yet in a position to estimate post-war literature, for we have not yet got post-war literature.

The opinions of intelligent men may differ to some extent as to which were the most remarkable novels of 1919; that they were very few is, we conceive, a matter of general agreement. Of the older novelists, Mr. Conrad produced in *The Arrow of Gold* (a work begun long ago and recently completed) a book which, though not among his masterpieces, was worthy of him. Mr. Wells, in *The Undying Fire*, a modernization of the Book of Job, wrote an imaginative, an exciting, and an eloquent book. It was much better shaped and trimmed than has lately been usual with his books, and, for the first time since he abandoned scientific romance, he concentrated entirely on doing what he can do better than other people instead of trying to do what he cannot do. The other elder novelists did nothing that was unexpected and little that was good; and their successors have not appeared. A Fielding or a Dickens is a rare product; but we see no young novelists of whom it can be predicted with any assurance that ten years hence they will occupy places such as are now occupied by Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett. It seems certain that they will not be found among that pre-war group whose merits Henry James examined with such generous consideration, whose defects he indicated with such delicate diffidence, in a famous article which 'betrayed' rather than stated his alarm, even his pity, for the English novel.

There have been a few books which have attracted attention by their

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qualities of construction and detail or by touches of original genius; but of most of their authors we could not be sure that they will become even habitual, much less great, novelists. The book which more than any other appeared to us to be notable, both for its workmanship and for its imaginative power, was Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's *Java Head* — and Mr. Hergesheimer is an American. It was not so good a book (we think *Java Head* was the earlier written) as *The Three Black Pennys;* but the two books are certainly the work of a born novelist. Miss Romer Wilson, whose *Martin Schuler* (1918) was a vivid, vigorous, and original book, published another, and a dull, novel, *If All These Young Men*, the subject and setting of which offered less scope to her peculiar gifts: but she is clearly capable of doing something surprising. Miss Dane's *Legend* was a remarkable technical achievement; and Mr. Cournos's *The Mask*, Miss Macaulay's fantasia, *What Not*, and Mr. Brett Young's *The Young Physician* were all, in their degrees, notable for a poetic quality.

Mr. Beerbohm's *Seven Men* could scarcely be classed with novels. It was Mr. Beerbohm's best book, than which those who appreciate him could pay no higher compliment; but Mr. Beerbohm is an artist who stands outside contemporary movements, literary and other, and one of whose charms arises from that very detachment. 'W. N. P. Barbellion's' *Journal of a Disappointed Man* was a full and poignant record which will probably continue to be read in a narrow circle as Marie Bashkirtseff's memoirs are read; his posthumous essays, *Enjoying Life*, are even more convincing evidence of what their author might have done had he not been stricken by disease. Among works of critical and miscellaneous literature those which will continue to be enjoyed, or — in some cases — used, are Mr. Festing-Jones's *Life of Samuel Butler*, Professor Gregory-Smith's *Ben Jonson*, Mr. Goose's *Diversions of a Man of Letters*, the late George Wyndham's *Essays in Romantic Literature*, certain books on the old drama (Swinburne's *The Contemporaries of Shakespeare*, and Mr. J. M. Robertson's study of Hamlet especially), and Miss Ethel Smyth's *Impressions That Remained*. This last is one of the best autobiographies that have appeared in our time, and Dr. Smyth, during a long and active life as a composer, has been nursing a rich and racy English style.

The department — it is difficult in making such a summary to avoid the language of the catalogue — in which life has been healthiest has certainly been poetry. Several of the best and most promising of our living poets published no book in 1919, but what is incontestably a revival has continued. Several poets of established reputation have done better work than ever before. Mr. Hardy has published little, but his *Collected Poems*, now published, establish once and for all — and, old as he is, he belongs as a poet to this generation — his right to a place among the great poets. Mr. Masefield's *Reynard the Fox* is as certainly his finest book, as Mr. Herbert Trench's play *Napoleon*, whatever its defects on the stage, is Mr. Trench's. There is the largeness about this long and ambitious piece that there was about some of his earlier and shorter poems, and supremely in his *Requiem of Archangels*.

Mr. Binyon's *The Four Years* was a collection of the verses its author had written concerning the war. It contained several poems made beautiful by the straightforward utterance of a noble and suffering spirit. Mr. Yeats's *The Wild Swans at Coole* it

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would be affectation to describe as equal in interest to his earlier volumes, but there were one or two lyrics in it which would adorn any anthology of English verse; and in Mr. Kipling's *The Years Between* there were also flashes of genius. From Mr. Yeats and Mr. Kipling, however, we do not now expect the unexpected. It is in the hands of the young that the immediate future of our literature lies. The most notable volumes by young poets have been (we are tempted to add Mr. Waley's *More Translations from the Chinese*) Mr. Brett Young's *Poems* and Mr. John Freeman's *Memories of Childhood.*

But in periodicals and anthologies there has appeared much new and genuine work. A great deal is to be found in the fourth volume of *Georgian Poetry*, which was reviewed in our last number. Mr. De la Mare's latest poems show that his thought is steadily deepening, while he is losing none of that delicacy of music and beauty of phrase that made his early lyrics as lovely as any in the language; and both Mr. Sassoon and Mr. Nichols have done work which makes their future a matter for profound curiosity. Scattered about in other volumes there have been many single good poems: and it is the characteristic of a prolific lyrical age that a few good things are written by many men. We would mention as especially interesting, in that it is one of the few long successful narrative poems of recent years, Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Leda;* the myth was difficult and dangerous, the versification often ungainly, but the poem contained passages of great strength and beauty. We may add finally Captain Scott-Moncrieff's fine translation of the *Song of Roland.*

We used the term 'a lyrical age.' Opinions may and do differ as to the number and quality of good short poems that have been written in the last ten years, but that the prevalent tendency among the most intelligent young men is to write poems, and short poems, cannot be disputed. The paucity of good novels, and especially good novels by young writers, is not entirely to be ascribed to the fact that during the war many of those who might have written, and may write, good novels were not in a position to write books at all.

The deflation, temporary perhaps, of the novel has been proceeding for some years; the absence of even tolerable new novelists has been too nearly complete to be attributable to the peculiar war conditions. The novel of 'psychology,' the novel of minute observation, the propagandist novel are still produced in quantities; but the best literary brains are not going into them. The drift toward poetry was noticeable before the war; the war accelerated it. It is not a mere matter of change of fashion, of a form being worked out and becoming tedious — though we do, in fact, believe that the next revival of the novel will see a new development of the novel. It is a matter of a change in attitude toward life; a return on the broader emotions; a desire to acknowledge and praise the things men love and find beautiful rather than to labor at analysis and at speculation — not to mention sophistry.

It is mostly lyric poetry that men are writing; and it is one of the results of the war, which has intensified our awareness of the old familiar things around us, which were in a sense threatened for all, and the loss of which was imminently before millions of individuals, that much of it is poetry of the English landscape and especially of the English landscape as a historic thing.

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Long poetical works, large essays in the poetic drama, are complacently manufactured by mediocre writers in most literary epochs. But it is commonly remarked that in this age men of genius, and particularly young men in whom genius is suspected, are mostly content with 'short pieces.' It is rash to theorize about such things, as the wind has a way of blowing where it listeth. No one can desire that men should systematically force themselves to literary undertakings which are uncongenial and toward which they feel no inner impulse. If a man agree with that poet who — acutely conscious, it may be, of the nature of his own talent — said that no good poem should or could be longer than a couple of hundred lines, he will serve no useful purpose by manufacturing large patchworks in cold blood.

The presumption that any long work is better than any short one by the same hand is made by those (we are referring to intelligent men) who do not go to poetry for the quintessence of poetry, the thing peculiar to it: it is from those that we hear most insistently the demand for works on the large scale, and the complaint that modern writers mostly insist (these are the stock, if unjust and inaccurate, phrases) on writing sonnets to their mistresses' eyebrows and carving peach stones.

The fact remains that by the common consent of mankind lyrics alone — even the lyrics of a Heine, a Herrick, or a Burns — will not give a man rank with the greatest poetic artists. It may be that in Poe's sense a work of thousands of lines, which maintains the highest level of poetry, is impossible; that what Professor Quiller-Couch calls 'the Capital Difficulty of Verse' is insuperable: but this does not invalidate the claim of the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost* to be considered greater than *Lycidas* or the songs of Meleager. That they share in some measure the defects of *The Purple Island* and *Pharonnida* does not prevent *The Fairy Queen* and *Faust* being the greatest of their respective authors' works. From a poet as from another we want something beyond 'jewels five foot long,' the loveliest impressions of the most beautiful particular scenes, reflections of moods, verbal chamber-music, momentary vision, sensibility, song.

By the common consent of mankind the greatest things in the world are those works which, while full of beautiful details and informed with the poetic spirit, are moulded to a larger conception and attempt a larger picture of the universe, of the destiny of man, or of the moving life of the world. We can, therefore, to some extent sympathize with those, however broody and disgruntled, who, when they meet a volume of new and exquisite lyrics, complain that the author has not written an epic or a tragedy. Is it likely that the present imaginative revival, assuming it to exist, will produce tragedies or epics, or works on the scale of such?

To us it is difficult to believe that it will not: unless the nervous unrest, the absence of leisure and of the inclination so to employ leisure, are worse even than we suppose them to be. We see in much of the work of the younger men a vigor, a passion, a catholicity of interest, a zest for all life, that nothing but the most ambitious tasks could satisfy. But when we ask of what nature such works are likely to be we cannot answer. This one observation may be made: the demand for long poems is commonly coupled with a demand for doctrine. The poets are to add to scientific knowledge or to contribute new notions toward political or moral de-

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velopment: they are to dogmatize, to enlighten, to direct. Well, poets have done such things. But not all poets have considered it their business to be religious teachers, political liberators, or contentious intellectuals.

The question: What did Shakespeare stand for? is disputed to this day. They have read many theories into him but got very few out of him. That he admired fidelity, hated cruelty, believed in honor, and loved his country, might be postulated of him; but the truths he stated there were old truths, and he stated them only incidentally: he did not write his plays with the primary object of illustrating principles, above all, principles invented by himself. Milton has been called the poet of Puritanism, and Shelley the poet of Liberalism, but there is no 'ism' for Shakespeare, and a very, very small one for Keats. The very persons who most insistently demand 'ismatic' poetry are most contemptuous of the didactic, informative, and disputatious parts of the works of the late Lord Tennyson, who began as a pure Keatsian poet. *Non omnia possumus omnes:* and, over and above this, it is most important to remember that poets, like other men, are affected by the intellectual conditions of their own times. If there is a clear tendency some of the poets will be caught up in it. But the men are very rare who generate their own spiritual revelations in some secluded corner of an antipathetic world.

Wordsworth and Shelley were what is called 'philosophic poets,' but their age was the age of Rousseau and Godwin, of the Libertarian movements that were part cause and part effect of the French Revolution. If the human spirit is moving in one definite direction at this moment we can only say that we do not know what that is. A generation of thorough and often conscienceless skepticism, followed by a breakdown of civilization, has produced a mental and moral chaos, a welter of doubt amid which numbers of the doubters make random and mutually contradictory affirmations. Something concrete will, if the race is to live, emerge; but we are not yet in a position to see it. Nor are we, as mere holders up of the mirror of nature, in a position as yet to see the vast events in our own material world.

For the great philosophic poem we have probably still many years to wait; for the epic of the German war we may have a century to wait; for a great drama we may arguably, owing to the peculiar conditions of the theatre, have to wait for a generally accepted scale of values which does not at present exist. But the imaginative temper is abroad, and the next generation may be a great era in English literature.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

A CHILD'S MEMORIES OF A NURSERY WINDOW

BY HORACE TAYLOR

THE day nursery was for me essentially the place where I could look out on the world. My memories of what happened inside the nursery are dim beside the bright pictures of the things seen out of the window. I remember that the walls were distempered a rather unpleasant pink color, and the fireplace always figured prominently—chiefly, I suppose, because the fire was bright when the window was dark. Of the territory adjacent to the nursery I have a clearer recollection — the landing with the big rocking horse, the bathroom, and the staircase window whence on Saturday afternoons the balloon could be seen from which 'the great Baldwin' descended in a para-

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chute. Here, again, the window was the dominating feature.

The street as I remember it was usually wet — on fine days we were not likely to be in. The houses opposite had each a physiognomy of its own, and I remember I was quite distressed when No. 21 had a new face, and the front door and all the window frames were painted bright green.

But it was the people in the streets that interested me most. There was a small boy who always ran down the street when I lifted the curtains of time and looked out of that window. He wore a red brewer's cap and he was called 'the little Turk'— I don't know why. I know I envied him because he was allowed to go out in the rain and splash in the puddles. He was an everyday figure, but others which have just as permanent a place in my memories of the street could only have been rare comers. I can remember Jack-in-the-Green and crowds of sweeps and boys with blackened faces collecting money from frightened nurses. I had a great fear of these black men, and May Day has on their account got confused in my mind with the Fifth of November and those terrible effigies with hideous shaking heads, limp, hanging arms, and dead, gloved hands which we knew as 'Guy Foxes.' I dreaded them all, but especially the black-faced men with their hoarse voices.

But up in the nursery there was protection enough for the thrill to be quite pleasant when distant cheering announced the approach of one of these monsters. Enthroned high on a barrow drawn by a donkey, he would presently loom into the autumn sunlight, legs dangling limply and swaying with the motion of the cart and the ghastly mask staring straight up at our nursery window. Belonging to the same order of strange and marvelous apparitions were the Man-on-stilts, the Dancing Bear, and the Extraordinary Organgrinder. The first I remember as dressed in red, something like a mediæval Swiss Landsknecht, and he used to take off one stilt and shoulder it like a musket. He seemed to be twenty or thirty feet high on these stilts, and I almost feared he might come in at the window.

The dancing bear I was not afraid of; indeed I was rather sorry for the poor friendly creature, being in the charge of such dark, hairy, fierce-looking men, who shouted terrible oaths in a strange tongue and prodded poor Bruin with a pole. The wonderful music-maker used to be a frequent figure, but I have not seen him or his kind for years. He scarcely seemed then to be a human being at all, but a sort of musical automaton. He had bells on his pointed hat, and everything about him seemed to make some sort of noise. He had a little 'Orgue de Barbarie' on a stick, out of which he wound a wheezy tune while he banged a big round drum on his back with a drumstick affixed to his elbow, and jigging out his foot he clanged the cymbals on the top of the drum by means of a strap attached to his heel.

Now I come to recount them, I find we had a very full and varied entertainment from our window. There was an organ which carried a miniature dancing floor on which puppets waltzed in couples, Punch and Judy, a monkey dressed as a soldier who performed various antics, such as beating a tambourine, ringing a bell, and shouldering a gun, and once a boy in dirty pink tights who seemed made of indiarubber and contorted himself on a mat in the middle of the road. I suppose the muffin man still goes round with a bell and a green-baize-covered tray on his head to the cry of

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'Muffins and crumpets *all*-ot,' and gypsy-looking boys and women still sing about lavender. There was also an old woman who sold woolly lambs just below our window who sang

> If I'd as much money as I can tell
> I'd not be crying pretty lambs to sell,

to a sort of 'Pop goes the weazle' tune.

In those days every tradesman's delivery cart had its own character. Butcher boys in blue with glistening hair still drive their high carts wildly about the streets; but where are the clanging chariots that used to bring the milk? You scarcely ever hear the true yodel of the milkman now, though the baker still shouts 'Yepp' outside my door. And then there was the bell-like note of the man who sold crockery and banged a basin all the way up the street. He seems to have disappeared entirely. Less frequent, too, are the marvelous houses on wheels, painted all over pictures, the horse covered with colored ribbons and gleaming brass. A sullen sunburned man with an orange-colored scarf round his throat and gold earrings would drive the van, while wild-looking children would stare out of the window, and boys and women with brown faces and bleached hair would jabber at every 'kind lady' and beg her to buy a broom or a brush.

They appealed to me strongly, these sun-burned wanderers, and I longed to live in a house that traveled about in sunny country lanes and strange towns. Of all the people I saw out of the window these seemed to me the most human and attractive. Not even the stories told by my nurse of children being kidnapped by gypsies could put me against them. I felt I would rather like to be kidnapped and never have to go to school or keep my clothes clean; and I pictured the dramatic scene when I would come back strong and sunburned and be wept over.

Many other figures in the street seem to have faded from my mind and left only the memory of their cries, such as the 'Ole clo pop' of the man who sold clothes-props, and the 'Mee-mee, meat' of the cats'-meat man. But one of the most romantic figures still goes about very little changed in all these years — the dustman. His very appearance is picturesque. That curious sort of sou'wester with the flap over the neck gives him a sort of ancient-mariner look, which was accentuated in my dustman by the gold rings in his ears. How I wished to be a dustman as I watched him climb the ladder against the side of the cart, and, having emptied the basket, grope about in the 'lucky dip' and extract some gleaming metallic object and secrete it in one of those big mysterious sacks hanging at the back of the cart.

There is something in the things thrown away by a household which gives a glamour to any collection of rubbish. Like seeing people in a lighted room having dinner with the blinds up, it gives a glimpse of the intimate life of neighbors we otherwise only know by sight. A cracked mug which belonged to the father when a boy, a faded powder-box with roses on it, a bit of silk ribbon, a broken toy, a glass ornament, a china figure without its head; even a wardrobe woman must feel that clothes that have been worn are more than mere stitches and stuff. In the case of the dustman there is a hint of the hunter for hidden treasure, a touch of secret adventure; and the air of mystery that hung about those sacks stirred my imagination as much as any of the wonderful things to be seen from the nursery window.

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[*The Irish Statesman*]

MICHAEL

BY A. E.

A WIND blew by from icy hills,
Shook with cold breath the daffodils,
And shivered as with silver mist
The lake's pale leaden amethyst.
It pinched the barely budded trees
And rent the twilight tapestries:
Left for one hallowed instant bare
A single star in lonely air.
O'er rocky fields the bitter wind
Had swept of all their human kind.

Ere that the fisher folk were all
Snug under thatch and sheltering wall,
Breathing the cabin's air of gold
Safe from blue storm and nipping cold.
And, clustered round the hearth within,
With fiery hands and burnished chin,
They sat and listened to old tales
Or legends of gigantic gales.
Some told of phantom craft they knew
That sailed with a flame colored crew,
And came up strangely through the wind
Havens invisible to find
By those rare cities poets sung
Cresting the Islands of the Young.

How do the heights above our head,
The depths below the water spread,
Waken the spirit in such wise
That to the deep the deep replies,
And in far spaces of the soul
The oceans stir, the heavens roll?
Michael must leave the morrow morn
The countryside where he was born,
And all day long had Michael clung
Unto the kin he lived among.
But at some talk of sea and sky
He heard an older mother cry,
The cabin's golden air grew dim:
The cabin's walls drew down on him:

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The cabin's rafters hid from sight
The cloudy rooftree of the night.
And Michael could not leave behind
His kinsmen of the wave and wind
Without farewell. The path he took
Ran like a twisted, shining brook,
Speckled with stones and ruts and rills,
Mid a low valley of dark hills,
And trees so tempest bowed that they
Seemed to seek double root in clay.

At last the dropping valley turned:
A sky of murky citron burned.
Above through flying purples seen
Lay pools of heavenly blue and green.
From the sea rim unto the caves
Rolled on a mammoth herd of waves.
And all about the rocky bay
Leaped up gray forests of wild spray,
Glooming above the ledges brown
Ere their pale drift came drenching down.
Things delicate and dewy clung
To Michael's cheeks. The salt air stung.
From crag to crag did Michael leap
Until he overhung the deep;
Saw in vast caves the waters roam,
The ceaseless ecstasy of foam,
Whirlpools of opal, lace of light
Strewn over quivering malachite,
Ice tinted mounds of water rise
Glinting as with a million eyes,
Reel in and out of light and shade,
Show depths of ivory or jade,
New broidery every instant wear
Spun by the magic weaver, Air.

Then Michael's gaze was turned from these
Unto the far, rejoicing seas
Whose twilight legions onward rolled
A turbulence of dusky gold,
A dim magnificence of froth,
A thunder tone which was not wrath,
But such a speech as earth might cry
Unto far kinsmen in the sky.
The spray was tossed aloft in air:
A bird was flying here and there.
Foam, bird, and twilight to the boy
Seemed to be but a single joy.
He closed his eyes that he might be
Alone with all that ecstasy.

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What was it unto Michael gave
This joy, the life of earth and wave?
Or did his candle shine so bright
But by its own and natural light?
Ah, who can answer for what powers
Are with us in the secret hours!
Though wind and wave cried out no less,
Entranced unto forgetfulness,
He heard no more the water's din;
A golden ocean rocked within.
A boat of bronze and crystal wrought
And steered by the enchanter, Thought,
Was flying with him fast and far
To isles that glimmered, each a star
Hung low upon the distant rim,
And then the vision rushed on him.

The palaces of light were there
With towers that faded up in air,
With amethyst and silver spires,
And casements lit with precious fires,
And mythic forms with wings outspread,
And faces from which light was shed,
High upon gleaming pillars set
On turret and on parapet.
The bells were chiming all around
And the sweet air was drunk with sound.

Too swift did Michael pass to see
Ildathach's mystic chivalry
Graved on the walls, its queens and kings
Girt round with eyes and stars and wings.
The magic boat with Michael drew
To some deep being that he knew,
Some mystery that to the wise
Is clouded o'er by Paradise,
Some will that would not let him stay
Hurried the boat away, away.
At last its fiery wings were still
Folded beneath some heavenly hill.
But was that Michael light as air
Was traveling up the mighty stair?
Or had impetuous desire
Woven for him that form of fire
Which with no less a light did shine
Than those with countenance divine
Who thronged the gateway as he came,
Faces of rapture and of flame,

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The glowing, deep, unwavering eyes
Of those eternity makes wise.
And lofty things to him were said
As to one risen from the dead.
What there beyond the gate befell
Michael could never after tell.
Imagination still would fail
Some height too infinite to scale,
Some being too profound to scan,
Some time too limitless to span.
Yet when he lifted up his eyes
That foam was gray against the skies,
That same wild bird was on the wing,
That twilight wave was glimmering.
And twilight wave and foam and bird
Had hardly in his vision stirred
Since he had closed his eye to be
Of that majestic company.

And can a second then suffice
To hurry us to Paradise,
What seemed so endlessly sublime
Shrink to a particle of time?
Why was the call on Michael made?
What charge was on his spirit laid?
And could the way for him be sure
Made by excess of light obscure?
However fiery is the dream
How faint in life the echoing gleam!
And faint was all that happed that day
As home he went his dreamy way.

And now has Michael, for his share
Of life, the city's dingy air,
By the black reek of chimneys smudged
O'er the dark warehouse where he drudged,
Where for dull life men pay in toll
Toil and the shining of the soul.
Within his attic he would fret
Like a wild creature in a net,
And on the darkness he would make
The jewel of a little lake,
A bloom of fairy blue amid
The bronze and purple heather hid;
Make battlemented cliffs grow red
Where the last rose of day was shed,
Be later in rich darkness seen
Against a sky of glowing green.

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Or he would climb where quiet fills
With dream the shepherd on the hills,
Where he could see as from high land
The golden sickle of the sand
Curving around the bay to where
The granite cliffs were worn by air,
And watch the wind and waves at play,
The heavenly gleam of falling spray,
The sunlit surges foam below
In wrinklings as of liquid snow.
And he could breathe the airs that blew
From worlds invisible he knew.
How far away now from the boy!
How unassailable their joy!

So Michael would recall each place
As lovers a remembered face.
But though the tender may not tire
Memory is but a fading fire.
And Michael's might have sunken low,
Changed to gray ash its colored glow,
Did not upon his hearing fall
The mountain speech of Donegal,
And that he swiftly turned to greet
The tongue whose accent was so sweet;
And found one of that eager kind
The army of the Gaelic mind,
Still holding through the Iron Age
The spiritual heritage,
The story from the gods that ran
Through many a cycle down to man.
And soon with them had Michael read
The history of the famous dead,
From him who with his single sword
Stayed a great army at the ford,
Down to the vagrant poets, those
Who gave their hearts to the Dark Rose,
And of the wanderers who set sail
And found a lordlier Innisfail,
And saw a sun that never set
And all their hearts' desires were met.

How may the past if it be dead
Its light within the living shed?
Or does the Everliving hold
Earth's memories from the Age of Gold?
And are our dreams, ardors, and fires
But ancient unfulfilled desires,

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And do they shine within our clay,
And do they urge us on their way?
As Michael read the Gaelic scroll
It seemed the story of the soul,
And those who wrought, lest there should fail
From earth the legend of the Gael,
Seemed warriors of Eternal Mind,
Still holding in a world grown blind,
From which belief and hope had gone,
The lovely magic of its dawn.

Thrice on the wheel of time recurred
The season of the risen Lord
Since Michael left his home behind
And faced the chilly Easter wind,
And saw the twilight waters gleam
And dreamed an unremembered dream.
Was it because the Easter time
With mystic nature was in chime
That memory was roused from sleep?
Or was deep calling unto deep?
The Lord in man had risen here,
From the dark sepulchre of fear,
Was laughing, gay, and undismayed,
Though on a fragile barricade
The bullet rang, the death star broke,
The street waved dizzily in smoke,
And there the fierce and lovely breath
Of flame in the gray mist was death,
Yet Michael felt within him rise
The rapture that is sacrifice.

What miracle was wrought on him
So that each leaden freighted limb
Seemed lit with fire, seemed light as air?
How came upon him dying there
Amid the city's burning piles
The vision of the mystic isles?
For underneath and through the smoke
A glint of golden waters broke;
And floating on that phantom tide
With fiery wings expanded wide
A bark of bronze and crystal wrought
Called forth by the enchanter, Thought.
And noble faces glowed above,
Faces of ecstasy and love,
And eyes whose shining calm and pure
Was in eternity secure,

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And lofty forms of burnished air
Stood on the deck by Michael there,
And spirit upon spirit gazed.
And one to Michael's lips upraised
A cup filled from that holy well
On which the Nuts of Wisdom fell.
And as he drank there reeled away
Vision of earth and night and day,
And he was far away from these
Afloat upon the heavenly seas.

I do not know if such a band
Came from the Many Colored Land:
Or whether in our being we
Make such a magic phantasy
Of images which draw us hence
Unto our own magnificence.
Yet many a one a tryst has kept
With the immortal while he slept,
Woke unremembering, went his way,
Life seemed the same from day to day,
Till the predestined hour came,
A hidden will leaped up in flame,
And through its deed the risen soul
Strides on self-conquering to the goal.
This was the dream of one who died
For country, said his countryside.
We choose this cause or that, yet still
The Everlasting works Its will.
Whate'er the deed, whate'er the hope,
Through all the varied battle cries
A Shepherd with a single voice
Still lures us through the gates of gold
That lead unto the Starry Fold.
So it may be that Michael died
For some far other countryside
Than that gray Ireland he had known.
Yet on his dream of it was thrown
Some light from that consuming Fire
Which is the end of all desire.
If men adore It as the power
Empires and cities tower on tower
Are built in worship by the way,
High Babylon or Nineveh.
Seek It as love and there may be
A Golden Age and Arcady.
All shadows are they of one thing
To which all life is journeying.

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[*The Telegraph*]

THE LIBRARY EDITION OF KIPLING'S POETRY

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

HERE, in the clearest and blackest of Constable's best type and ink, printed upon paper of irreproachable color and quality, comes at last the authoritative library edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poetry, for which so many book lovers have been eagerly waiting. Three goodly volumes, in rich buckram binding, the external production leaves nothing to be desired. As for the arrangement of the poems, we must assume it to be Mr. Kipling's own; and, if at first sight it appears to be haphazard, being regulated neither by considerations of date, subject, nor method, there will, perhaps, emerge with a closer familiarity some underlying principle of editorship that will justify itself to the judgment. The great point, at any rate, is that everything is here — thirty-three years of poetic garnering, and what poet is there, of our own generation, who can present so virile, so consistent, and so sincere a commentary upon the military, political, and social spirits of the time?

Read in their chronological order, the political poems offer a survey of all the outstanding incidents of the age, from the finding of the Parnell Commission to the vain scandal over Marconi shares. The military ballads reflect the seamy side of barrack life at home and abroad, the bitter sorrows of two great wars, the hardships of short service, and the cynical ingratitude of civilian politicians. Finally, in the poems of English life and landscape, Mr. Kipling has given, without a taint of sentimentality, deathless expression to the silent love which every true Englishman feels for the great country which enshrines his own little bit of home; the spell which calls to the wanderer over the waters, and hales him back, like the failing stag at the end of the day's chase, to die where he was roused.

> I am the land of their fathers,
> In me the virtue stays:
> I will bring back my children
> After certain days.

All that England means to the heart-whole Englishman, all the passion that sets the colonizing spirit aglow in the English heart, all the yearning love that makes a sanctuary of meadow and woodland, beats impetuously and imperishably in the poetry of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Of course, there are criticisms to bring against his temperament, although most of the poetic liberties for which he was blamed, when *Barrack-room Ballads* helped to break up the Tennysonian tradition, seem slight indeed compared with the vehement innovations of his Georgian successors. He does not always trouble to restrain the elementary impulse; he can be both violent and coarse; his literary attitude to women is more forcible than chivalrous. And, like all eager partisans, he sees but one side of a question, and he fights blindly for his own party through thick and thin. But, when these limitations (which to many, after all, will seem as virtues) have been dully discounted by chill criticism, what a splendid and powerful personality remains burning in the background, what a fervid example of good citizenship and firm faith in the ultimate destiny of the race!

For the laggard, for the trickster, for Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, and the egregious Pecksniff, the poet knows no moment of mercy; but for Lazarus at the gate full of sores, for Magdalene at her vigil in the glimmering garden,

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and for the Peter whose repentance rings true, though it is awakened late, he is ready with pity, with consolation, and with promise of another opportunity. And where was there ever a better celebrant of manly friendship?

'E was all that I 'ad in the way of a friend,
An' I've 'ad to find one new;
But I'd give my pay an' stripe for to get the beggar back,
Which it's just too late to do.
For it's 'Three rounds blank,' an' follow me,
An' it's 'Thirteen rank' an' follow me;
Oh, passin' the love o' women,
Follow me — follow me 'ome.

The truth is that the younger generation, for all its ardor and endurance in the last five years, has much to learn from the gospel of Mr. Kipling's verse. Discipline is his vital lesson, the discipline which builds up character. It is for that lesson of discipline that he thanks his old school, and the masters who set the system going.

There we met with famous men,
Set in office o'er us;
And they beat on us with rods,
Faithfully with many rods —
Daily beat on us with rods
For the love they bore us.

And, when McAndrew stands by his heaving engines, and watches the great cranks lift and fall, he reads in their perfect interdependence and harmony the spirit of an ordered race:

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson — theirs an' mine
Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!

It is a simple creed, perhaps, and the present age, so far from being simple, is tortured by complexities.

We are afflicted by what we can prove,
We are distracted by what we know.

Yet the law of our fathers is still the path to courage; the way of discipline is perpetually the way of strength.

So — ah, so!
Down from your heaven, or up from your mould,
Send us the hearts of our fathers of old.

It has been objected that the type of character inculcated by such inspiration is likely to be, if not positively brutal, at least hard and insusceptible to the tenderer influences of life; but no keen reader of Mr. Kipling's poetry can fail to appreciate the depths of human feeling which it conceals beneath a hard-set smile into the eyes of fate. With maturity his muse has grown appealingly sensitive to the undercurrents of love and suffering, and the poems which he has dedicated to the last war are surely among the most poignant in the language. The sword has been drawn to defend the home, but the desolation of the empty hearth is honestly faced as the bitter wages of militarism.

That flesh we had nursed from the first in all cleanness was given
To corruption unveiled and assailed by the malice of Heaven —
By the heart-shaking jests of Decay where it lolled on the wires —
To be blanched or gay-painted by fumes — to be cindered by fires —
To be senselessly tossed and retossed in stale mutilation
From crater to crater. For this we shall take expiation.
But who shall return us our children?

The wormwood and the gall are here; they seem to intrude themselves between the eyes of faith and the tapers on the Christmas altar. But the old virtue of endurance, trained by the discipline of years, triumphs at the last.

The Star stands forth in Heaven.
The watchers watch in vain
For Sign of the Promise given
Of Peace on Earth again —
(Again! Again!)
'But I know for Whom he fell'—
The steadfast mother smiled.
'Is it well with the child? Is it well?'
It is well — it is well with the child.

The making of man, indeed, is the theme that stirs behind all Mr. Kipling's poetry, and the perfection of manhood, when the work of creation

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is complete, is the spirit of willing sacrifice. Work is the gospel; work and spiritual discipline.

> Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
> Balking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise,
> Stand to your work and be wise — certain of sword and pen,
> Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men!

The world of the young men to-day is very full of self-confidence, of liberty, of the glorious claim to live its life out after its own fashion. But the ancient sacrifice still smokes upon the altar of the race.

> No easy hope or lies
> Shall bring us to our goal,
> But iron sacrifice
> Of body, will, and soul

There was surely never an hour when the message was more needed. It is the clarion cry to honor and to love.

JOCK, TO THE FIRST ARMY

O Rab an' Dave an' rantin' Jim,
The geans were turnin' reid
When Scotland saw yer line grow dim,
Wi' the pipers at its heid;
Noo, i' yon warld we dinna ken,
Like strangers ye maun gang —
—'*We've sic a wale o' Angus men*
That we canna weary lang.'

An' little Wat — my brither Wat —
Man, are ye aye the same?
Or is yon sma' white hoose forgot
Doon by the strath at hame?
An' div' ye mind foo aft we trod
The Isla's banks before? —
— '*My place is wi' the Hosts o' God,*
But I mind me o' Strathmore.'

It's deith comes skirling through the sky,
Below there's naucht but pain,
We canna see whaur deid men lie
For the drivin' o' the rain;
Ye a' hae passed frae fear an' doot,
Ye're far frae airthly ill —
— '*We're near, we're here, my wee recruit,*
An' we fecht for Scotland still.'

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TALK OF EUROPE

Mr. Bonar Law has won the contest for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, polling over three hundred votes more than Mr. Bertrand Russell, who has made the fighting of University elections almost a hobby. The result of the contest might be regarded as almost a foregone conclusion, but it cannot be said to redound to the credit of our seats of learning that they should prefer a front-rank politician like Mr. Bonar Law to one of the more distinctly original intellects of our time.

Bernard Shaw once made some truthful and striking remarks in regard to high starched collars. 'Cloth filled with stiff white mud — unbearable monstrosity —' these were some of the phrases. From a recent *Chronicle* we clip this terrifying item.

'Falling down in a fit, Major Gerald Pilcher, of Ebury Street, Pimlico, was suffocated by the stiff high collar which he wore.

'At the inquest a verdict of accidental death was returned.'

Every great event in England is almost certain to have a literary echo. The recent railroad strike began a discussion on railways in literature. The following letter was written to the editor of the *Observer*. Its comment on Frank Norris is of interest.

Sir: Writing on the above subject in your issue of the 5th instant 'Penguin' refers most interestingly to various novels for which the railway has provided either the main theme or several more or less important incidents. There are two comments of his, however, which I should like to traverse. The first is that the greatest of all 'railway novels' is Zola's *La Bête Humaine*, and the second is that the nearest counterpart to *La Bête* is *Dombey and Son*. I think that in making these statements 'Penguin' has overlooked in each case the late Frank Norris's *Octopus*. That powerful novel is not concerned with the railway as an incidental, merely — as *Dombey* is — the Octopus *is* the railway and the whole plot and motive of the book are concerned with the methods of the railway companies of the United States; and the strength of *The Octopus*, the fine fascination of its style, and the skill with which the story is worked out place it, even in these respects surely, upon a level, at least, with Zola's work. Yours, etc.

S. Elliott Napier.

Cedar Bank, Greenwich.

In England, some have urged the formation of a league of youth whose purpose would be the expression of the will and ideals of the younger generation. The following letter apropos of the league recently appeared in the British *Nation*.

Sir: Mr. Siegfried Sassoon and yourself may be interested to learn that a British League of Youth is already in existence. Mr. Lloyd George is the president, and the official letter paper of the League is headed with the following quotation from Mr. Benjamin Kidd:

'Give us the young. Give us the young, and we will create a new earth.'

This Lloyd Georgian League was introduced into the world by Lord Bryce, the Bishop of London, and Dr. Clifford. Its principal objects, according to an interview with its secretary, Mr. J. Aubrey Rees, are to 'suggest and advocate the claims of Youth in the filling of public offices.' (With this goal in view the selection of Mr. Lloyd George as president may be regarded as an inspiration.) 'To promote and secure the adoption of schemes aiming at an increase in production.'

'We believe,' explains Mr. Rees, 'that Youth hitherto has been "misdirected."' It will be the object of the League, under the presidency of Mr. Lloyd George and with the assistance of the Bishop of London, etc., 'to encourage and organize among the youth of both sexes the study of contemporary history and present-day

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political problems and movements.' Toward which object is to be invited the coöperation of the universities, the public schools, and educational leaders generally.

Is it too late for a real League of Youth to be established? Of men and women, say, under forty, who would be allowed to think and act for themselves. Yours, etc.,

Jerome K. Jerome.

Wood End House, Marlow
September 24, 1919.

FOUR plays of Shakespeare are included in the programmes of Berlin theatres for the present winter. The Grosses Schauspielhaus, under the direction of Max Reinhardt, will give in its opening week *Julius Cæsar* (along with two works of Goethe, and one each of Æschylus, Aristophanes, and Hauptmann); the Volksbühne (Bülowplatz), *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Cymbeline;* the Schiller Theatre (Charlottenburg), *As You Like It.*

A SERIOUS conflict between peasants and armed troops has taken place at Riesi, in Sicily, in which four soldiers and four peasants were killed and a number of persons were wounded. For some time past the peasant population of the province of Caltanisetta, in which Riesi is situated, have been kept in a state of unrest verging on sedition over the unoccupied land question. Agitators have been at work stirring up the inhabitants, and inciting them not only to imitate what the peasants had done in some districts of Roman Campagna — that is, to occupy the uncultivated lands — but to take a step further in a revolutionary direction, and to expropriate all the landed proprietors. The region is an important mineral centre, furnishing chemical products for fertilizers, cream of tartar, and potter's clay, and is at the same time also a very fertile soil for agriculture.

The peasants were instigated by the astute agitators to make a general rising and to claim all the land. The ferment reached a point causing serious alarm to the local authorities. Recently some four thousand peasants gathered at Riesi, and decided to carry out their revolutionary theories. They were harangued by the leaders, who incited them against the landowners, but when the gangs began acts of violence a force of Carabinieri intervened. The peasants, who were armed, fired on the public force, and killed four soldiers, who had come to reinforce the Carabinieri. A regular skirmish followed, and the troops, who were compelled in self-defense to use their weapons, fired back, killing four peasants. Some thirty persons were wounded.

SHE came to meet me at the train,
And when I missed it, came again
With welcome all undimmed; for me
Fresh scones appeared, fresh China tea.
She told me — though some years had ranged
Since last we met — I was unchanged.
The maid she lent to give me aid
Was not the abashing kind of maid;
No carbon balls with winter store
Were lurking in the bottom drawer;
The linen breathed of lavender,
The midnight biscuit-box was there;
Her choice of bed-time books was mine,
She sent my breakfast up at nine;
The bath was boiling hot, and fit
For kings the things to cast in it.
She did not hunt me out to view
The Ruin, or a cairn or two
Nor seem to entertain, yet still
I had no gaping hours to fill.
Her dinner frock was quite as bad
As mine, the only one I had;
Her food was NOT the homely food
That's best described as Plain but Good;
And when she said Good-bye, I thought
She really meant it all; in short,
She made me feel, though Home is best,
It's *good* to be a pampered guest.

'Oisin.'

So many of our readers were interested in the Asquith-French debate, that Mr. Asquith's final letter seems well worth the printing. It is quoted from the *Morning Post*:

We have received for publication the following copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Asquith to a correspondent with reference to the preface to the recently-published second edition of Viscount French's book, *1914:*

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Dear Sir: I have only just returned from Italy, and I am obliged to you for calling my attention to Lord French's preface (published while I was abroad) to the second edition of his book, *1914*. What you call the 'controversy' between Lord French and myself was not of my seeking. I preserved complete silence; but when Lord French, apparently in the pursuit of a vendetta against the fame and memory of a great soldier and a former colleague of my own — Lord Kitchener — who can no longer speak for himself, and to whom Lord French stood under strong personal obligations, proceeded, in my judgment, to falsify history, I felt bound to intervene. Having now read his new preface, I see no reason to withdraw or qualify a word in the speech which I made on June 3 in this year. There are only two points in Lord French's attempted reply which call for any notice on my part.

(1) Lord French absolves me from any further debate as to the occasion and result of Lord Kitchener's visit to Paris by publishing at length Lord Kitchener's letter of September 1, 1914, which, as will be seen, conveyed the 'instruction' given by Lord Kitchener to Lord French on behalf of the government. Lord French cites two letters of warm appreciation of his services which I wrote to him on September 8 and November 6, 1914. It is enough to say that these letters were written after Lord French's original proposal, largely through the intervention of Lord Kitchener, had happily been discarded, and the subsequent operations had been conducted (as I was and am most glad to acknowledge) by Lord French with much sagacity and skill.

As these letters, and a later one (also cited by Lord French) dated May 13, 1915, sufficiently show, it was my practice, when head of the government, to convey with all possible emphasis to the general in supreme command in the field the expression of our confidence and encouragement. If I had known, or suspected, what Lord French now avows, that at the date of my letter of May, 1915, he was engaged, behind the back and without the knowledge of his official chief, Lord Kitchener, and of myself, in a manœuvre to upset the government at home, it is probable that my communication would have been couched in somewhat different terms.

(2) In regard to the question of the supply of ammunition, Lord French expresses 'surprise' that I did not 'recall' a conversation which I had with him at St. Omer in July, 1915. I recall the conversation perfectly, but I did not refer to it in my speech last June for three sufficient reasons:

1. Because the object of my citation of Lord Kitchener's letter, written in April, 1915, was to justify the statement which I made in my speech later in that month at Newcastle, a matter to which a conversation held in the following July is obviously irrelevant.

2. Because I did, and do, believe that Lord Kitchener was incapable of inventing, and palming off upon me, a deliberate falsehood.

3. Because, if it becomes a question of conflict of memories, I thought, and still think, that Lord Kitchener's written record of a conversation in April, on the day on which it took place, is better evidence than Lord French's recollection of the same conversation three months afterwards, for which his only corroboration is an extract from a diary containing (as he says) 'no reference whatever' to the subject.

I may add that I reported to Lord Kitchener what Lord French said to me at St. Omer, and that Lord Kitchener adhered entirely to his original version. To have a bad memory is a misfortune, not a crime; but people who have bad memories should not attempt to write their own — or other people's — lives. Yours faithfully,

H. H. Asquith.

September 24, 1919.

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[*The London Mercury*]

THE EVENING SKY IN MARCH

BY JOHN FREEMAN

Rose-bosom'd and rose-limb'd,
With eyes of dazzling bright,
Shakes Venus mid the twined boughs
of the night;
Rose-limb'd, soft-stepping
From low bough to bough,
Shaking the wide-hung starry fruitage
— dimmed
Its bloom of snow
By that sole planetary glow.

Venus, avers the astronomer,
Not thus idly dancing goes
Flushing the eternal orchard with wild
rose.
She through ether burns
Outpacing planetary earth,
And ere two years triumphantly re-
turns
And again wavelike swelling flows;
And again her flashing apparition
comes and goes.

This we have not seen,
No heavenly courses set,
No flight unpausing through a void
serene:
But when eve clears,
Arises Venus as she first uprose
Stepping the shaken boughs among,
And in her bosom glows
The warm light hidden in sunny snows.

She shakes the clustered stars
Lightly, as she goes
Amid the unseen branches of the night,
Rose-limb'd, rose-bosom'd bright.
She leaps: they shake and pale; she
glows —
And who but knows
How the rejoiced heart aches
When Venus all his starry vision
shakes:

When through his mind
Tossing with random airs of an un-
earthly wind,
Rose-bosom'd, rose-limb'd,
The mistress of his starry vision arises,
And the boughs glittering sway
And the stars pale away,
And the enlarging heaven glows
As Venus light-foot mid the twined
branches goes.

THE FLEETS

BY M. G. MEUGENS

Are you out with the Fleets through
the long, dark night,
Admiral Drake?
Are you keeping watch, when with
never a light
They patrol the seas and wait for a
fight?

In that far South Sea were you stand-
ing by,
Admiral Drake?
Did your masthead catch that wireless
cry?
Did you in sorrow watch them die?

Once more at the guns do your gun-
ners strain,
Admiral Drake?
Do their voices ring o'er the decks
again,
'Have at them, boys!' in the old re-
frain?

When the shining death leaps through
the wave,
Admiral Drake,
Are your boats all out in a rush to save?
Do you stand to salute the death of the
brave?

Are there others out on the heaving
blue,
Admiral Drake?
Are Collingwood, Blake, and Nelson,
too,
In their high-decked ships, along with
you?

Oh, seamen of old, the shadowy gates
Swing wide to let you through,
And out o'er the seas your galleons
sweep
To fight for the flag anew.

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